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THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY.

1874.

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TERMS (In Idvance No. 43.

A GRAY HAIR.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

What a sudden thrill ran o'er me At eight of that allver thread! It told that life's sands were dropping, That the days of my youth were dead And I sat down, dim and blinded,

On the Record-Book of Heaven,

I am growing old, and the angel Who weeps o'er each sinful deed.

God help me! He helpeth many
Who out of their sorrow call.
My past is beyond redemption;
In the future I stand or fail.
May I heed this solemn warning,
And the pitying angel's prayer,
Ere the night comes darkly downward
On my head of silver halp.

out of the sleeve."

"So there is. It don't add to its beauty much, does it? I was very busy all night lifting and moving all sorts of things. Don't stare at me in that uncomfortable way, but pour me out some tea while I wash my face and hands and have a brush."

But she did stare at him. She could not make him out, his manner was so strange, and she came to the conclusion that he must have had something to drink, which had acted on an empty stomach and made him appear so odd. He looked more like himself when he emerged from the bedroom with his hair in its usual order and another coat on, though he was pale and haggard still.

"That's better," he said, as he sat down just now. Come, baby, kiss papa, and we'll go."

"I don't think I quite knew what t was saying. I have felt dizzy ever since I came is waying. I ha



"The matter I with it by one "See and matter, a street of the checking and the see and the seed of the see and the

Jasper was better, though very pale still, and with a strange set expression on his face. The landlady had burst into his room with the assounding intelligence that there was something wrong at the Manor, for that the policemen there were searching the house.

"Searching the house!" he exclaimed.
"What for?"

"I don't know, sir," she replied. "They do say something dreadful has happened, I can't rightly learn what."

Out he rushed, "with a face like death," the woman declared, and was much relieved to find that it was nothing worse than a search for an ewaped lunatic that was afoot. "My darling, you must come here no more alone," he said, clasping Muriel in his arms, and striving to stocke her agitation.
"I cannot have you terrified like this."
"I was very feelish of me, dear; but the poor creature said such dreadful things," she said, with a shiver.

"What about treasures and diamonds hidden somewhere."

"The usual style of lunatic talk. I'll

and about treasures and transition and treasures.

"The usual style of lunatic talk. I'll take you home, dear, and then I'll go to the station and find out who the poor creature is, and where he comes from. You must come no more to the Manor without me till—till Mr. Colliver returns; promise means will not."

"I don't think I shall want to," she said, shivering. "It seems a place full of hor-rors, Jasper."

She did not tell him of the piece of cloth

"You will go, of course," Muriel said.
"I am quite well now, and there is nothing

"I was startied, that was all Pour ald fellow! So the end is coming at last. We shall come into our fortune at last, Muried."
He locked up the Manor, and went away to France that night, but he had not recovered from the shock of the telegram when he left. When he knessed Muriel his lips and checks were as cold as ice, and she lay awake nearly all night wondering why he should be so terribly affected over the death of the recovery covering to the recovery covering the should be so terribly affected over the death of the recovery covering the should be so terribly affected over the death of the recovery covering the should be so terribly affected over the death of the recovery covering the should be so terribly affected over the death of the recovery covering the should be so terribly affected over the death of the recovery covering the should be so terribly affected over the death of the recovery covering the should be so terribly affected over the death of the recovery covering the should be so terribly affected over the death of the recovery covering the should be so terribly affected over the death of the recovery covering the should be so terribly affected over the death of the recovery covering the should be so terribly affected over the death of the recovery covering the should be so terribly affected over the death of the recovery covering the should be so terribly affected over the death of the should be so terribly affected over the death of the should be so terribly affected over the death of the should be so terribly affected over the death of the should be so terribly affected over the death of the should be should be

You knew her, then "

whom Richard Ouslow had spent a rong, nelv life of sechnion. "There's a bex in his bed-room," the "She leved my consin better," he went on esently. "I was natural, perhaps. Jase t was handsome, ticher, more attractive every way than I was, but I don't think a riches made her more happy than my. "Nothing else." "Nothing that ever I remember. I have his riches made her more happy than my love would have done. Poor Sylvia! I never saw her after her wedding day."

"You will see her again now."
"Yes, where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage. Her portrait will come to her son, with all my worldly goods."
"You will make him rich."

"No."
Father Lemaitre looked at the dying man with inquiring eyes. He was almost inclined to share the popular belief that he was wealthy; but there was truth on the dying lips—he was sure of that.
"No, not rich," Richard Onslow said, "I can leave him a little. Reach me that desk, father. I should like you to see what I have done with what I have to leave."

I have done with what I have to leave."

The priest reached a little black desk that

stood on a table by the bed and opened it.
Its contents were few. A bundle or two of
letters, the ink faded and the paper yellow
with age, a lock of hair, and the will—a ument of some six months old.

Read it," he said to Father Lemaitre.

Christmas came, with its songs of peace on earth and good-will to men, and while the bells were chiming from a hundred steeples their song of walcome on the morning of our Church's jubilee, a little daughter came to Mariel's arms like a token of the peace and joy whose herald the angels that sang at Bethlehem proclaimed themselves to be.

Muriel her name was to be—her mothor's name.

The baby was a week old when a telegram came to Japper from France. He hastily tors it open and read—
"From Alphans Lonaitre, print, Chrosama, Language, to Japper Onsion, Maring Munor, Linathuse, London. "Come at once. M. Onsion is dying—one."

Chee at once. M. Onsion is dying—one.

"It is to hear it once more that I may be sure nothing is omitted."

It was very about. A legacy of fifty prome fit is the wind in the same in the property, whatever the might die possessed of, to jake cousin, Japper Orsion, for his use solely and unconditionally.

Nothing outed the clearer. Everything was set down except the amount of the money, which was not stated.

"What does it signify?" Bichard Ondow said. "He is to have it all,"

"Is it so much, then, that it cannot be

The baby was a week old when a telegram
came to Jasper from France. He hastly
tore it open and read—
"From Alphanas Lonatire, print, Carnasource, Longondos, to Jasper Onslow, Marling
Manor, Linchmuse, London.
"Char at once. M. Onslow is dying—onnot live wany days."
"You will go, of course," Muriel said.
"It is no much, then, that it cannot be
specified?"
"It am once well now and there is nothing."
"I'm afraid it is no little that it would

"I am quite well now, and there is nothing to keep you."

"Yee, I shall go. You won't mind, will you."

"Oh, no, not a bit."

She looked up in some surprise as she speake, for his voice had sounded hearse and strange, and she saw, to her amazement, that he was ashy pale, and trembling as if with an ague fit. Great drops of perspiration stood upon his face, and his lips were blue, as though some terrible fear had seized him.

"Jasper," she cried, "What is the matter? Are you ill?"

"No, dear"

"Then what ails you."

"Nothing. Why do you ask."

"You look dreadfully."

"I was startled, that was all. Poor ald fellow? So the end is coming at last, We shall come into our fortune at last, Murially to France that unght, but he had not recovered from the shall come into our fortune at last, Murially to France that unght, but he had not recovered from the shall come into our fortune at last, Murially to France that unght, but he had not recovered from the shall come into our fortune at last, Murially to France that unght, but he had not recovered from the shall come into our fortune at last, Murially to France that unght, but he had not recovered from the shall come into our fortune at last, Murially to France that unght, but he had not recovered from the shall come into our fortune at last, Murially to France that unght, but he had not recovered from the shall come into our fortune at last, Murially to France that unght, but he had not recovered from the shall come into our fortune at last, Murially to France that it would look mean if set down," the sick mean if set down," the si

But he was a kind neighbor and a fatherly priest, and nearly all of comfort that Richard Childow knew in his lanely life he owed to his friend the priest.

After a time he returned to the subject of th and they inspected bytes, cheeks, and cupliberal time be returned to the subject of
or Onalow.

with he would come, "he said. "I
define see him once again. He has his
or's exes."

You knew her, then."

Level her."

Have we looked over everything."

"Not life is wasted wherein there is anglet of good," the priest replied, "and you have done a great deal here, and you have done a great deal here, and you are going to do more."

"Are you not leaving your money to a man who is poor who has a wife and little child whom it will benefit?"

"Ay, true. She is a good wife to him, I hear. I have managed to hear a good deal of them, one way and another. His wife has been his saviour and his safeguard. The little speaks truly when it says that A virtums woman is a crown to her husband."

"You," was the reply, with a little sigh. I should be voted the speaks good wine to her husband."

"You was the reply, with a little sigh. I should be voted the proceeds of the said which I must have here shall be yours for their relief. I suppose it is quite certain that he was as an alpath their children to clamb his knees and put their children to clamb his children to clamb his children to clamb his children t

studge, as we have bound her two or three times taking a siesta under the kitchen table, while Elfie was going the rounds of the table licking the soiled dishes. But what can we do." She is houset, puts on no airs, and is willing to work, so we conclude that it is being in the soil of the puts.

conclude that it is better to bear the ills we have than fly to others we know not of. Before Bridget's arrival there was so long an Before Bridget's arrival there was so long an interregnum that we welcomed her with tears of joy, for with our large family, and milk to be taken care of, and butter to be made, there is a deal of work to be gone through with every day.

Bridgetina (we bestow pet names upon

Have the booked over everything.

He stopped abrupally, and the priest knew intuitively that she was the woman for love of whom Kichard Oushow had spent a long, lonely life of sectusion.

"There's a box in his bed-room," the miniature of herself, aged ten, who waits table with the gravity and decorum of ministure of herself, aged ten, who waits at table with the gravity and decorum of a deacon. Maria Jane, however, resembles her maternal parent only in feature, for she is quite a sunny-tempered, mery-hearted little lassie. She has one apparently unlittle lassie. She has one apparently un-controllable habit—that of carrying on a conversation with herself, in an undertone

"Nothing that ever I remember. I have generally relating to whatever work she may "Then I think I had better turn it over to you for the benefit of some of your people. I don't suppose there was. I'll take the clothes thankfully; but we'll examine the bon first. There may be some papers in it that we have not seen."

The box stood by the dead man's bed—a longab, flat, oaken box, with a rough lock fastening with a hasp.

"He never locked it," the priest said.
"He kept nothing in it but clothes."

But to his surprise it was firmly locked, movement and pre-occupied expression, and, The box stood by the dead man's bed—a longish, flat, oaken box, with a rough-lock fastening with a hasp.

"He never locked it," the priest said.

"He kept nothing in it but clothes."

But to his surprise it was firmly locked, and the key was not there. Nor was it to be found anywhere, though they searched in every place they could think of, and tried every key in the house. None wasld open it, and they were obliged to prise it open with a hammer and chisel.

There was not much to reward their sureh. Neally-folded suits of clothes of humble material, some of them much mended, a few letters and papers of no value, and on the to reach the results in taking a nap in the middle of a basket of freshly ironed clothes, using my ruffled apron for a pillow. I went into

floor and lifting up the poor, disabled stalk, "I don't believe the root is injured; perhaps it would grow again."

"Oh, yes," said, I, snappishly; "its very well for you to be so forgiving, but I guess if it had been your flowers—

"Look at Theodora's picture, "interrupted mamma; "that is spoiled, too."

I turned around, and there, on the table, lay Theo's beautiful flower-piece that Mrs. Jones had admired so musch, with a large, wet, dingy blot in the middle.

"The flower-pot fell against the easel," explained Theo, "and threw the picture down right on the wet earth."

"Why, Theo," I gasped, "it is ruined; but you—don't seem to care."

"Yes, I do care, very much," said she, and I detected a quiver in her voice. "It has cost me a great deal of time and study, and now it is all lost; or at least not lost," she added with quaint conscientiousness, "for I have learned something; but I will have it all to do again—"

"Well, there," I interrupted, "you're a saint on earth, Theo, but I'm not—I wish I was. Where's Bridget?—she might as well clear up this mess." And I marched off, up stairs, to have a good cry, and to brood over my unhappy lot, and the miseries and vexations I was called upon to endure.

I had just come to the conclusion that life was a dreary void, that I had nothing on earth to live for, that it wouldn't make the slightest difference to anybody if I were

the was a dreary void, that I had nothing on earth to live for, that it wouldn't make the slightest difference to anybody if I were out of the way, and that if I could only die then and there it would be such a pleasant end to all my sorrows, when I heard a silvery ripple of notes from the piano, and then Theo's voice singing clearly—

children to climb his knees and put their climb his knees and put the hall and sat down on the starts to listen. Music has charms to soothe the savage breast, and as I was feel and a run of several days.

Note that is the demolishing of some article of take sudden his partiallities to erckertware; she seems to take sudden him the hall and sat down on the starts to listen. Music has charms to soothe the savage breast, and as I was feel and a run of several days.

Note had a run of several days.

Note pret the divine creations of the glorious masters. But there is not a bit of "sing" me; so I have always cherished a sec reverence and admiration for Theodor sweet, true, though not very powerful voice, and ever listen with delight to her warblings. How, a few chords that she struck brought to my mind an air in the "Magie Flute," that lovely opera of Mozart's—Mozart the wonderful maestro of celestial harmonies! What a bright, brief, beautiful life was his! How I should like to have been one of the countless throng, that, for the first time, listened breathless, spell-bound, to the delicitous, delicate, fairy-like strains of the "Magie Flute;" and as the thunders of applause burst forth, and the radiant young composer, standing before the curtain, bowed again and again his thanks, and as the braros were caught up and re-schoed by the crowds that clustered alsout the doors, unable to gain admission, and shouts of "Erriva el Maestriae."—"Long live the little master."—"rang from mouth to mouth,—what a moment and ever listen with delight to her warb Masstrian."—"Long live the little master."—rang from mouth to mouth,—what a moment of triumph for the young artist! So young, when he lay upon his death-bed and with his dying voice sang the "Requiem"—the last of his great works,—written at the mysterious request of an unknown friend, and performed, for the first time, over the casket that had contained its creator's wonderful and

aoul.

I was in the midst of a drowsy day-dream when the sudden clash of the dinner-bell roused me broad awake, and I descended with a series countenance, and—wonder of wonders—found the father home at dinnertime and seated at table. The bla time and seated at table. The blanc-mange I had made before breakfast had "set" beautifully; everyhody said it was very nice, and even papa—who usually calls very dainty deserts, "stuff"—took a second saucer, and I began to think life's dreary void was filling up a little. So much are we creatures of circumstance! On such trifles light as air depend our content or discontant! I don't include Theo. and other philosophers

room closely followed by Maria Jane with a broom and dust-pan.

"Tain't hurt nowhere, Miss Jessie," she exclaimed, raising the lamp cautionsly with both hands, and examining it minutely.

"No," said I, severely: "but it might have been Maria Jane—the lamp might have been broken, the oil might have taken fire, and we might all have been burned in our beds; so it is a lesson you should heed —never leave a lamp on the hall table again, Maria Jane."

"No m'am," said Maria Jane, staring at me rather blankly, but not even smiling at

"No m'am," said Maria Jane, staring at me rather blankly, but not even smilling at my flight of fancy; for the time of the casu-alty being seven o'clock in the evening, it would have been a physical impossibility for any of us to be burned in our beds. "Of all glad words of tongue or pen, the gladdest are these: it might have been, but it was not," said Theo. as we entered the partor.

" It is very well for you to make light of the accident, now that it is over and no harm done," I returned; "but perhaps you wouldn't have found it so pleasant if it had made light of itself." And with this abor-tive attempt at a brilliant rejoinder, I took possession of the corner of the sofa and re-

sumed my book.
The next morning, while I was dusting
the parlors and Theodora was arranging
some pressed ferns and mosses in a rustic
basket for the centre-table, we were suddenly
startled by a stifled, agonized howl from
Bridget, who was washing the oil-cloth in the front hall We rushed to the rescue as quickly as possible and beheld our queen of the custac scated upon the floor beside a pail of suds, rocking to and fro and monning

hastening to her side.
"Och, sure, and look at that now," was I, crushingly.
"Bridget retired to her room, this morn-

all Bridget could say as she held up one hand from whence a stream of blood was

all Bridget could say as she held up one hand from whence a stream of blood was running down her arm.

"Why, what is it? How did you do it?" asked Theo. "Haven't you anything to bind it up with? Here, take my hand-kerchief;" and she proceeded to twist a little white, hemstitched absurdity around Bridget's trembling fingers.

"Oh, dear me?" groaned she. "Bad luck to the lazy child,—if I had swept up the glass mesself I shouldn't ha' got it in my hand."

"Was it a piece of the broken chimney?" said I; but Bridget answered never a word—she didn't hear me of course—grasping

she didn't hear me of course grasping her pail in her other hand she shuffled off down sairs, alternately moaning with pain and berating her delinquent daughter. "I will go up and tell mother; and she will give her something to put on it," said

Theo.
So we both followed Bridget down to the So we both followed Bridget down to the kitchen and explained to mamma, who im-mediately examined the wound—it was quite a deep one, but there was no glass in it, mamma said—and then bound it up with great care and gentleness; but Bridgetina was used up for that day, and fretted so over her work and make the properties of the second second

mamma. "I must iron these shirts, and then you can both iron your collars and cuffs while I see about dinner."

So we went to work with a will; but the faster twe worked the faster the pompous little wooden clock on the mantle ticked out the minutes, giving a kind of gurgling chuckle just before striking the hour—as if inwardly laughing at our futile efforts to get

THE SATURDAY

The method is a consequence that I may be a second of the control o held the stranger walk in beside him with the most matter-of-course and at-home air possible; then they overwhelmed me like a flood, and I skimmed across the parlor, pounced upon Theodora in the bay-window and snatched her paint brush out of her hand the better to secure her attention.

"Theodora," I gasped, in aquaking whisp-er, "father is coming home with a—a— strange gentleman! He is bringing him here to—to—dinner!" And I dropped into a chair and exact wildly at my bewildered

here to-to-dinner!" And I dropped into a chair and gazed wildly at my bewildered a chair and gases.

"Why, Jessie—who?—are you sure?—
where are they?" said Theo, incoherently.

"It can't be—perhaps it is only some one
come on an errand." A gleam of hope light-

"It can't be—perhaps it is only some one come on an errand." A gleam of hope lighting her eyes.

"No," said I, instantly quenching the forlorn hope; "it is a New Yorker—some one of papa's innumerable business acquaintances, I suppose. He has come up on business, and papa has invited him up to dinner. Just like him, exactly. But, good gracious, they will be in here in a minute. Come out quick!" And I swooped down upon my dared sister and dragged her out, across the hall, and into the dining-room just as papa entered the front door.

They went into the parlor and the next minute we heard papa coming towards our retreat. Theo, and I awaited him in grim silence. He swung the door wide open in his usual lawless fashion, and I closed it carefully behind him, not wishing to include the unknown in our conference.

"Where's your mother, girls!" demanded papa, cheerfully.

"Gone to bed with a sick headache" an-

papa, cheerfully.
"Gone to bed with a sick headache." an swered Theo. succintly.

"Why, I'm sorry; that's too bad. Mr.
Scymour came up to-day on business and I
thought he might as well come home with me and take some dinner."
"Yes, but there is no dinner to take," said

ing, with a sore hand; so we didn't cook any dinner and there is nothing in the house but a piece of beef that isn't roasted and a pair chickens with the feathers on. "Well, well, well," said papa; taken all aback, as it were, by the state of affairs, and

looking somewhat puzzled.
"It's anything but well, I should think," said I, solo roce.

"But girls you'll have to get up something; because I've asked the man to dinner and it won't do to tell him there isn't anything to cat," argued papa. "Give us a cup of tea, a piece of pie and some cold meat—that will do. You can send Jane in when its ready."

And papa stalked back to the parlor and left us to bear the burden and heat of the

day.
"A piece of pie and some cold meat," I repeated, scornfully. "There was barely half a small pie left after dinner, and there is a bone with a little ham on it. Put on your thinking cap, Theo, quick,—what shall we do?"

quite a deep one, but there was no glass in it, mamma said—and then bound it up with great care and gentleness; but Bridgetina was used up for that day, and fretted so ver her sore hand, that at last mother sent her off up stairs to bed.

There was a good-sired basket of clothes waiting to be ironed, a pan full of pears that must be peeled and stewed for tea, and dinner to cook besides.

"Dora, I think you and Jessie will have to do the pears,—Jane can help you," said mamma. "I must iron these shirts, and then you can both iron your collars and cuffs while I see about dinner."

So we went to work with a will; but the factors was a deep one, but there is a dish of baked-beans in the cellar that was left yesterday—gentlemen always like baked beans—we can warm of it. Fut on we do?"

Jessie, "said she, after a moment's cogical make an omelet;—you know you make splendid onelets. We can take the ham that's left and Jane can chop it up for you—"

Theo," I interposed, "the question is, will the coming man eat omelet?"

"We'll take it for granted that he does," said she; "if he don't, so much the worse for him. There are those nice pickles mamma made, we might have some of those; and I'm sure there's enough pie for two people."

"Yes," said I, and now I. Fut on the do?"

"Interposed, "the question is, will be coming man eat omelet?"

"We'll take it for granted that he does," said she; "if he don't, so much the worse for him. There are those nice pickles mamma made, we might have some of those; and I'm sure there's enough pie for two people."

"Yes," said I, and now I'm the hard hat's left and Jane can chop it up for you.

"Yes," said I, "I and now I'm the hard hat's left and Jane can chop it up for you."

"Yes," said II. "Jessie," said she, after a moment's cogical and make an omelet;—you know you make an omelet;—you kno

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And the pricing to make a street of the pricing street of the pric

interesting towards be parlor. Without no rodes. Care on Colors, and I parenthelically reading the title from the large back, then the seand of flootteps reading the state of the parlor. What is an adolloquing one or a golden back of the parlor. What is an adolloquing one or a golden back of the parlor of the table balancing a small overal waiter on the table balancing a small overal waiter of the course Mr. S would be make the course of the survey book when he was been and the table balancing a small overal waiter of the course of the survey book when he was been and the table balancing a small overal waiter of the survey book when he was been and the table balancing a small overal waiter of the survey book when he was been and the table balancing a small overal waiter of the survey book when he was been and the table balancing a small overal waiter of the survey book when he was been and the table balancing and the survey book when he was been and the table balancing balancing and the survey book when he was been and the table balancing and the survey book when he was been and the table balancing and the survey book when he was been and the table balancing and the survey balancing and the survey balancing and the survey balancing and the survey balancing and designed down the survey balancing and the su

A neat little room it was in which Mr. and Mrs. Ellection sait at breakfast. The fire burned brightly in the grate; the mellow similight, penetrating the heavy crimson curtains, cast a warm, shadowy gleam through out the parlor. Everything wore a cheerful aspect, except the two faces at the table. The hubshand was a stern looking man, with a dark frown on his otherwise handound brow, the wife, a pade, delicate woman, with the staces of former beauty on her careworn face. She looked as if that which she crayed was denied her the fond smile, the affectionate caress of other days. Who, to see her, would think that five years before she was a happy, trusting bride, who thought that in the future there would be nothing the same time for her?

But let us listen to their conversation, and we shall be better able to judge of the nature of the occupants of the roson.

"Clara, this collects breadful. Instead of a citing as a stimulant, it would serve as an emetic to a weak stomach."

"Well, my dear, I really can't help it. I am sorry you do not relish it."

"I could tolerate it for once, but it is the same every day. You could remedy it by the sing half an hour carlier every morning, and superintending the preparation of rebrakfast, instead of leaving it to the care of a servant."

"I know, Gieorge, I overslept myself this morning, but I don't think I deserve censure, for it does not often happen. And the children were so very reseliess last night. I don't think that Laly is quite well."

This was spoken in a faltering voice, as if the overcharged heart was bruised and you be completely energy the following under the thoughtless remarks of the dolized husband.

"All day and all night the whantsted particles of apprehension of the freedom of the heart was been added to some a full to the same two continues and a surface of a servari."

"I know, Gierge, I overslept myself this man the full continue of the same two continues and superintending the preparation of redished, instead of leaving it to the care of a servari."

"I

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B. J. C. WALKER, Publisher & Proprietor,

Saturday Evening, May 23, 1874.

NOTICE

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST with its subscription list and good will, have been sold to R. J. C. Walker, Esq., of this city, who will hereafter continue

character as a Literary Paper which THE Post heretofore has enjoyed, we com mend him cordially to the continued support and patronage of our subscribers.

THE SATURDAY POST PUBLISHING COMPANY

A LAST WORD.

A LAST WORD.

Owing to the sale of THE POST to Mr. Walker, as notified above, the long and pleasant editoral connection between this paper and myself is brought to an end. To thousands of its readers, who have been subscribers for many years, I trust that I appear by this time somewhat in the light of a personal friend. And to them, as to all others, I would fain say something which should be warm from the heart, at the same time that I feel how edd and in adequate words always are on such occasions. Let me simply say to all, therefore, Farewell:

HENRY PETERSON,

Last Ericos Screenes Ericoso Post.

Let Design the merchant's face, and he waved his his hand as if he wished the interview to be the minder of his his meant as the such content of the sum of the same in the hands, and subding bitterly. The merchant's hard features slightly relaxed to the facility of the second and he, in hard, ringing tones, which instantly roused the young man from his grief, "I tell youn once again, in will do made up, and the sconer procedure in small cases like yours, begone, and never let me see or hear from your again."

The delinement are the mistories with the interview to be the terminated.

The young man, whose countenance up to to this moment had been burning with to the small as the best been same, now became deadly pale, he saw to semployer's determination was not to be shaken, and that degrace started him in the face. He made a van educt at another appeal, but the words died on his lips, and a feeling of despar afterly extringuished the faint hopes he had entertained of being interior of separate of being interior of separate of being interior. "My poor meeting which instantly roused the young man from his grief, "I tell you once again, in will intered the better. I never procedure in small cases like yours, begone, and never let me see or hear from your again."

The delinement had the them to the best and his his hade up, and the sooner by the seed of the procedure in small cases like yours, begone, and never let me se

Late Editor Serential Evening Post.

A few words, with reference to the above announcement, now not be out of place, and perhaps may be expected.

For more than half a century, The SATURDAY Events bearing the satisfaction as the local management of the first position as the local management, and man tained an established position as THE LEADING FAMILY AND STORY PAPER OF AMERICA, and has gained for itself by its own intrinsic merit, and not through any extraneous influence brought to bear upon it, a heat of carnest and cordial friends and admirers, many of whose names have been borne on its subscription in the future under a more liberal management, and with greater facilities for improvement, The SATURDAY Events of the pushed heading throughly the avoid the glace of broad nounday. In that dun retreat, the grave of many a mosent heat who had been sometime, which should have been acquainted the source of the pushed beautiful the source of the pushed beautiful to be the pushed beautiful to b

Some of the full tribes in Northern India have a peculiar way of sending their babes to sleep, which is thus described by a corres-pondent — "Near a hollow hamboo, which setteep. The bamboo spout was so placed to her gentle inquiries, he did so outwardly unablashed; but within, far from human eye, he felt the glow of shame's blush, and the torture which the contrast between the water. The children there were two of them were byte on their right addes and perfectly still, one would fancy in a state of stupefaction. They had been lying for an hour and a half, we were told, and would be there inflipsed in the face of one of them and found it cold, and thus liable the wrist, but could dicted up patient between the best of one of them and found it cold, and thus liable the strange practice, which is quite general, helps to strongthen the brain, and makes the children not only healthy, but hardy and fearless."

The semitation of the brain, and makes the children not only healthy, but hardy and fearless."

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The semitation of t

A FLOWER PANCY.

Some Sowers are the faces of friends that ded.
This tip, white as a Sower can be,
Sea mail a thought on memory's tries,
And down from the pract it drifts to me.
A thought of a face with a tip's grave,
Its pure white beauty of youth. Ah me?
But the grave is dark, and the grave is deep,
And the face tike a big I so more see.

And here is a rose. I am thinking now the face like a rose in memory. With a tongh of sunshine on lip and below. Ah, but the exaction is hidden from no! (b. healtful face, with the dainty grace iff a queen red rose in such dissiplied cleant. You are dead with the roses of flummer time. If a man shode tears do you call him weak

And here is a violet, fair and shy With the fragrance of Finnesser gathered here is the polices beaut, and I can best sigh. For a face that was sweet as the violets are, A face most fair, with polices bair, Like a scenny tangle on seek and brow, And a smile in the leastful violet eyes.

I catch the order of the migranestic, And a face from the fragrance looks at me, M, friend, doned from I shall sever forged. How royal the platest of things can be, For under a face that he hed for grace. For if a heart that was grand as heart can be, And its fore as were at this migranestic. Yes, your face has beauty, dear friend, for me

Here is a soowdrop, dainty and white,

A GOOD MAXIM.

In the private office of a New York merof this city, who will hereafter continue the publication of the same.

As we believe Mr. Walker to possesse the facilities for maintaining the high character as a Literary Paper which THE

which what the world cathe dogged resolu-tion was the prevailing element.

"I tell you again," said he, "I cannot— will not overlook your offence."

"Believe me, sir," appealed the youth,
"I had no criminal intention, the fault was entirely unpremediated it was an act of folly, which I shall never—oh, sir, never

One of those cold and pitiless smiles which so forcibly express incredulity swept across the merchant's face, and he waved his hand as if he wished the interview to be

to the home where he was welcomed by a mother's smile and fond attentions. Hardenmother's smile and foul attentions. Harden-ing himself to play a deceptive part in her presence, he approached the door with a confidence which his conscience too surely told him was but audacrous assurance. And when he took his seat at the tea table, and

This despair is a dangerous thing to encourage, for it swallows up more victims than any other human weakness. It strikes down the strong and the good, and open times avenues to the heart by which demonsenter, and make men fleends, both great and small. Oh! despair is a terrible feeling; and our young Walter had it in all its against our young Walter had it in all its again.

gravated severity. He mouned and he cried, and then he clenched his fists and beat the air, execrated himself, then others, and finally spreng from the bed like a savage darting upon his prey. His eyes sparkled, his chest heaved, and his whole attitude was that of menace and defiance. "Since I cannot go back," thought he, setting his teeth firmly together, "I will go forward; and wor be it to —"

At this critical moment his glance fell on a picture hanging against the wall; it was the head of our Saviour, and the gift of his mother. A long, long look did he take at the mild face which smiled so sweetly from its canvae, and then be burst into tears. the mild lace which smiled so sweetly from its canvas, and then he burst into tears. They were the best he had ever shed, for they opened up to him the fountains of a new life, and extinguished those unholy sparks which despair had kindled in his bosom. After his powerful emotion had in some degree subsided, he knelt down by the bedside, and prayed as only those can who need Dyine assistance.

red Divine assistance.

He rose calm and refreshed, and seated He rose caim and refreshed, and seated himself at a little table, to deliberate on the course he should pursue. Many and vari-ous were his thoughts, but they all partook of the tone of one grand, all-commanding sentiment, and by that he was resolved to be guided. The coinage of his brain was distilled in that best of all alembios—his heart, and gradually there was recovered. heart: and gradually there was accumulated within him a gentle flowing river of thought, beside which Hope stood waving her green branch, and bidding him, in honeyed accents "Never despair."

In the morning he rose, after a dreamless

night, vigorous and determined, and hasten-ed to carry out one of the most difficult of the three resolutions he had formed that was, to part, perhaps for ever, with the girl he loved.

he loved.
"Mary," said he, gazing mournfully into her tearful face, "I love you as well, indeed better, at this moment, than ever I did; but we must part. Circumstances have occur red which render this painful step neces-

sary"
"Cannot you explain, Walter?" demanded she, clinging to him.
"Dear Mary, don't ask me—I cannot,"
replied he, painfully. "I cannot, indeed
only to Heaven. Listen," continued he,
solemnly: "to-morrow I shall be far away
from you; and the probability is that it
wedd be a very long time—at present, I

solemnly: "to-morrow I shall be far away from you; and the probability is that it would be a very long time—at present, I think, many years—before we should meet again; so that continuing our engagement is a mere mockery, because the chances are that I shall be unable to keep it."

"Oh?" exclaimed Mary, wounded to the quick by a sentiment she misunderstood.

"Bo not mistake me," said he, taking her hand, and struggling to subdue his own strong emotion; "I hove you dearly, and that is the reason I do not wish you to remain bound to what may never be fulfilled on my part. You, I know, would be faithful and true; but why should you waste the bloom of your youth, and neglect the many opportunities you will have of making yourself happy, for the sake of a man you may never see again? No, Mary; you shall not do so, from this moment you are free, and may Heaven bless you!"

The maiden hung down her head and cried bitterly, for she felt that her young hopes were about to be withered.

Walter, animated by the new feelings he

cried bitterly, for she felt that her young hopes were about to be withered.

Walter, animated by the new feelings he had acquired, was invincible; his duty required the sacrifice, and it should be made tendoubtedly it was one of the greatest he could have made, for he might have played upon the girl's credulity, and maintained his position as lover without the remotest research of the position as lover without the remotest research of the property of the pr

Short Stores and Sketches, and its in teresting Papers and Gos-ip relating to Persons of Note, the prominent Incidents of the times, and the leading Fashions of the times, and the leading Fashions of the times, and the leading Fashions of the day, for which latter subject a new and entirely separate department has been established.

The feaders of The Saturday Eve Ning Post may rest assured that no effects will be spared to make the Oldest of the Literary Weeklies one of the very Best.

A SINGULAR PRACTICE.

A SINGULAR PRACTICE.

Singular in ow it was smiling at him over his independent on the two visues of the usually restricted at which he had so happily lived was dead to him, it had crombold from under his feet, and he had fallen on the flinty way of lost honour. What was there left him but the very Best.

A SINGULAR PRACTICE.

Singular Papers and Gos-ip relating to most the same to come to dead anything from me."

Walter's lip quivered, and his eye avoided his mother's steady gaze; but, making a great effort, he soon recovered himself in secting that he must be cool and firm, or all which he had so happily lived was dead to him, it had cromboled from under his feet, and he had fallen on the flinty way of lost honour. What was there left him but the world in which he usually returned from his labors again, it was necessary, until the had established himself in some other, that his mother, deprived of the assistance of his salary, should be placed in the bound of the usually returned from its labors to the literacy we can be such a position as would enable her to live on the selender annuity she enjoyed.

"My son," said the mother, affected at the live of the mother, affected at the literation of the mother, affected at the stable of the method of the mother, affected at the sum of the saint of the literacy of the mother of the literacy of the literacy of the literacy of the saint he must be such as the literacy of the literacy of the saint he must be such as the literacy of the literacy of the literacy of th

"My son," said the mother, affected at this instance of filial devotion; "but why

separate from Mary?

"Because," replied Walter, "I wood her under favorable circumstances, became gracious in her eyes by the aid of those cir-

wealth."
This remark caused Walter to turn pale as death, and almost to fall from his seat, fainting. His alarmed mother flew to his assistance, and beseeched him to make a confidant of her; for she was sure, also said, he had something concealed from her which caused him the most poignant distress.

"I will!" she emphatically exclaimed, falling on his neck; and from that day forth the subject was never renewed between them.

"Two resolutions triumphantly carried out," said Walter, after his mother had retired; "and to-morrow is the nativity of the third."

the third."

Taking a large piece of paper he wrote upon it, in a very large round hand, the talismanic words, "Never despair." and then fastened it to the curtains at the foot of his bed, so that he might have the sentence before him to read night and morning.

While he sleeps, and dreams of restored While he sleeps, and dreams of restored honor and improved position in society, let us ask whether any person would deny that greater battles are fought in the moral world than the physical, or that the holiest struggles are those which are carried on with the world in privacy and seclusion? No blood-stained knight ever couched lance against a fos more gallantly than did our brave Walter in this his first great moral battle. The victory was attended with a present loss, it is true, but with a mighty prospective gain; for he had acquired hope and faith in the future. There was growing within him a power which would be to him as the dew of heaven is to the flower of the earth. Instead of groveling despair, he as the dew of heaven is to the flower of the carth. Instead of groveling despair, he would have a strength and loftiness of pur-pose associated with the holiest aspirations, and a deep and lasting faith, which would lift him above the sordidness of his condi-tion, and enable him to believe in the good-ness of man and the love of his Creator. The struggle with life was an arduous and protracted one: but as it is not our inten-

protracted one; but as it is not our inten-tion to follow Walter in all his wanderings, we can only relate that he found no employ nent too mean for his industry, and n ment too mean for his industry, and he oc-cupation disgraceful, unless criminal or dishonorable. At the end of six years, by dint of the most indefatigable labour—and hard, common-day labor alone—he had ac-cumulated from his savings sufficient to pay his first employer the amount of the defal-cation, together with interest up to the day of reasons.

cation, together with interest up to the day
of payment.

Noon had just been proclaimed when
Walter presented himself at the effice of
the merchant. With some difficulty he obtained a private interview.

"Well, my man?" said the merchant, in
no very anniable manner, for Walter's apaged was not very attractive.

merchant, smiling, evidently highly gratiied with the narrative.

"Oh, no?" replied Walter; "I was
empted to do worst first."
"Indeed? I how?" inquired the merchant,
whose curiosity was roused.

"By thinking I could never redeem my
ost character," answered Walter.

"What saved you?" asked the merchant,

agerly.
"Two words," said Walter, a glow ani-

"Two words," said Walter, a glow animating his naturally fine countenance—"Never despair."

The merchant saw a kindred spirit before him, and detained Walter in conversation for some time. In the course of many revelations which were obtained from him, he states that he had found time to acquire knowledge as well as labor, and that some of the sweetest hours he had spent were those devoted to study. Before they parted, the worthy merchant insisted upon presenting Walter with two thousand dollars.

The sum enabled him to set up business; he progressed rapidly—his mother was restored to a beautiful home—and he never felt so proud or happy as on the day he led Mary to the altar.

The Shocking Ignorance of Men. BY A LADY.

It is all very well for the self-styled lords It is all very well for the self-styles could be of the creation to laugh at what they call the shocking ignorance of women. Whilst they are so statical at our expense, perhaps it never strikes them that we could show it never strikes them that we could show them up, if we pleased, just as well as they can make game of us. Whole volumes would not suffice to convey a perfect idea of Malter, my dear son, ag from me."

d, and his eye avoided

some little notion of it. To show what men are in this respect, we will instance only the following answers which we have heard given to the simplest questions, and ex unum disce omnibus, as they say.

Augustus had heard of such a thing as a gusset. It was something in the sleeve, Believed it was the same thing as a cuff, but was not certain. It was a part of the skirt, for aught he knew. Had no notion whether it was round or source.

it was round or square.

Eustace was familiar with the word it. Concluded it was something about a dress; it might be a loop, or perhaps a founce. Knew it was a term need in nee-dle-work, or otherwise would have supposed le-work, or otherwise would have suppose meant something to eat. Horace thought vandyke was a picture.

Adolphus described clear-starching as a

mystery.

Albert could not tell what he would send Aftert could not tell what he would send to the mangle: if he had to guess, would say a chemisette, not that he by any means knew what that was. Crimping was an operation performed on skate and codfish, and sometimes on a sailor. Supposed counterpanes were ironed as well as sheets. Could be a supposed to the company of not precisely say what ticking was; would predicate it of a watch. Edwin could not toll a gingham from

Edwin could not tall a gingham from a merino nor a delaine. Believed it was all stuff. Imagined that a shot silk was a silk speckied or dotted; the aspect it presented would probably resemble the small-pox. William regarded a cross-stitch as a puzzle. Blue-stone was sapphire used in making rings. Had no conception of the use of pearl-ash or soda in a house, and conceived that hearthstones were employed to pave the kitchen fire-place.

There! So much for the knowledge of men, who pride themselves so vastly on their superior intelligence.

PORTRY should strike the reader as a wording of his own highest thought, and appear almost as a remembrance.

Appear almost as a remembrance.

"What is it?" she inquired.

"Trust me," replied he, sinking on his knew before her.

"To exchange a present good for a promised better, is giving a greater edit to hope, than wisdem would appear to digtate.

TRAITS OF CHARACTER.

The calling in which a man is trained necessarily exercises a considerable influence in the development of his character. It affects his gait, his manner, and his speech, as well as his mental and moral characteristics.

haracteristics.
It is impossible to mistake the military nan. He is an illustration of the power of

It is impossible to mistake the military man. He is an illustration of the power of discipline. The new recruit—the clodhopper from the plough—is soon licked into shape—becomes a smart, well-set-up fellow, and never afterwards relapses into the lout. How different is the sailor? He rolls about on his sea-legs—his feet always seem as if they were grasping for a footing. His manner is free and easy, with nothing of the precision and formality of the military man. His feelings, manners, and ideas are of a piece with his outer man. There is no mistaking Jack Tar for Corporal Trim.

It is the same with other trades and professions. Take a lawyer, for instance. Habit and discipline have made him precise and systematic in the transaction of business. He is a martinet in all things. His mind is made up of pigeon-holes, in which his facts of the control of t

made up of pigeon-holes, in which his facts and ideas are filed and docketed in regular

made up of pigeon-holes, in which his facts and ideas are filed and docketed in regular alphabetical order. He is a red-tapist even at heart. He keeps old letters and lays them up as evidence. His whole character becomes fixed and determined by his profession. There is no mistaking the lawyer. The divine is the very opposite. He has no knowledge whatever of business or ruinous habits. He is the most innocent of mortals. Of all professional men, he knows the least of practical life. He is always naking blunders if he meddles with business. His business is speech. He is a student, a reader of books, a writer of sermons. And students are generally men of little practical wisdom. A man who is great in the dead languages is rarely great at anything else. He may know all about Greece and Rome, but next to nothing about his own age and country. He may even be ignorant of its literature. Hugh Miller says, in his autobiography, that "all the great readers of my acquaintance—the men most extensively acquaintal with English literature—were not the men who had received the classical education. In that common sense which reasons but does not argue, and which enables men to pick their stepping prudently through the journey of life, I found that classical education gave no superiority whatever; nor did it appear to form so litting an introduction to the realities of

"Well, my man?" said the merchant, in no very aniable manner, for Walter's appared was not very attractive.

"Six years ago, this very day," said Walter, modestly, but firmly, "you dismissed from your service a clerk named Walter Jackson, for a defaleation in the account entrusted to him. I am Walter Jackson, and here is the amount owing to you, with interest at five per cent. I have been unable to pay you sooner, or I would most gladly have done so. Now, to my great relief, I am able and I beg in addition that you will accept my most grateful thanks for the forbearance you exercised towards me on that distressing occasion."

Surprise for a time held the merchant must, but when he recovered, he stretched both his hand to the workman, and, when he received that of the latter, shook it warmly. He then requested Walter to relate what had befallen him since their separation. Walter did so in a brief but clear and unreserved manner.

"So the moment you left this office you." so his character is influenced and formed. Such men as Abernethy, who preserve their strong individuality throughout their professional curver, are the exceptions which go to prove the rule.

"Oh, no!" sented:

"Oh, no!" sented:

"Oh, no!" sented:

"A SOLDWAY for the sented when the sentence of the se

When we see how lightly and thought-lessly people skip into their married lives, much in the same way often as the clown skips into the circus ring, with a "here we are, ladies and gentlemen," we can but wonder and experience feelings of regret. The three serious points of life are birth, marriage, and death. We do not know much about the first, in our own individual cases, of course; but we are very solemn about the approach of the last. We take thought for it, and desire to set in order things temporal and spiritual. Of what lies beyond we know so little that we fear it. Yet, after all, it is not much more an unknown iand than the land of wedlock; and it is a great deal easier and much hap-

and it is a great deal easier and much happier to die than to lead such lives as many people do after the wedding-ring is slipped on the woman's finger and she has said "I will." Sometimes she 2007, after all her promises, when to love, honor, and obey is not in her. Sometimes he forgets all about cherishing and protecting; and there is generally a great tribulation, if "with his worldly goods" he forgets to "her endow." And then, again, when outwardly all is well, often there are skeletons in the closets. She may be a shrew; he may be sulky. She may fret; he may forget that he has any duties besides those of rent-pawer and pier to die than to lead such lives as many

a mere money-box may ask himself, "Will the day come when the adorable Angelina will care not for me, but for my purse, and spend my money to deck herself for the eyes of other men?".

EVERY point of thought is the centre of an intellectual world. THE remembrances of past happiness are the wrinkles of the soul.

Man should not dispute or assert, but whisper results to his neighbors.

ALL severity which does not tend to in-rease good or prevent evil, is idle. What a pity, that common sense, for want of use, should have become uncom-

Laws are like grapes, that being too much pressed, yield a hard and unwholsome wine.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A western exchange speaks of "a life-size statue of Seward, sixteen feet high."

The great want of Fair Play, a town in clorado, is "a car load of marriageable

WEDDINGS often leave the old familiar hearts and places as haunted and empty as funerals. They are the funerals of old as-sociations.

The great struggles in life are limited to moments; in the drooping of the head upon the boom—in the pressure of the hand upon the brow.

upon the brow.

CONSTENCE is a sleeping giant; we may lull him into a longer or shorter slumber; but his starts are frightful, and terrible is the hour when he awakes. the hour when he awakes.

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.—The Pomological Society of Michigan emphasizes what should be a familiar fact—that in high latitudes snow protects vegetation from destruction by frost, serving nature literally as an ermine closk, without which the cold must reach vital centres and deal irretrievable destruction.

Fish IN THE BLOOD.—Among the hosts of minute forms of life inhaled into the lungs in the atmosphere we breathe are certain microscopical creatures which become the living fish of our blood; but as it takes 75,000,000 of these to make the bulk of a grain, we need not be much alarmed at the piscatorial visitation.

BLOOP WILL TELL.—At the hospital known as the Hotel Dieu, in Lyons, some weeks ago, a female patient was sinking rapidly by exhaustion from hemorrhage, when Dr. Vincent, the attending surgeon, chivalrously caused several ounces of his own blood to be transfused into her veins, and she was saved.

and she was saved.

King Kalakaun's popularity appears to be assured. At the time of his election he was foreman of an engine company, having served in the fire department of Honolulu for thirteen years; and now he has announced his determination to consider himself still an active member, and in case of emergency to join the firemen at the brakes.

In St. John's College, Oxford, there is a In St. John's College, Oxford, there is a very 'curious portrait of Charles I, done with a pen, in such a manner that the lines are formed by verses from the Psalms, and so contrived as to contain every Psalm. When Charles II was once at Oxford he was greatly struck with this portrait, begged it of the college, and parents of the true whatever request they should make. This they consented to, and gave his Maiserty the niceture, accompanied with make. This they consented to, and gar-his Majosty the picture, accompanied with the request that he would—return it.

Mr. Pullman is said to have been much horrified at the speed with which his palace horrified at the speed with which his palace car was put through on a trial trip on the Midland (England) Railway recently. Despite the fact that there was a large number of swells on board, including the Rothschilds, the superintendent kept up the rate of seventy mites per hour, while Mr. Pullman, who knew that any accident would be attributed in some way to his carriages, sat in a far from "palatial" state of mind.

EXPLORATIONS IN AUSTRALIA.—As one

EXPLORATIONS IN AUSTRALIA.—As one Explorations in Australia.—As one result of the recent explorations of Mr. Gosse and his party in western Australia, we learn that they have discovered a huge monolith, 1,100 feet high, and six or seven miles in girth at its base, and the interest in the discovery is heightened by the fact that a stream of water fed by a spring in the centre of the conglomerate flows from the rock. Those who take an interest in geological studies will wait with impatience some further particulars regarding this immense pyramid, which is destined to become famous as one of the most singular and promimous as one of the most singular and promi-nent of Australian landmarks.

The Petroleum districts of Burmah are said to have yielded oil for over two thousand years, but they have only of late years been worked to anything like their capacity. The demand for petroleum has been very great since the discovery of the oil wells of this State and the use of pertroleum products by enterprising Americans in nearly all kinds of industry, and this dein nearly all kinds of industry, and this demand has created an "oil fever" in Burmah. In one district there are 450 oil wells, varying in depth from 160 to 210 feet, and in the other about seventy of from 60 to 80 feet in depth. The most of them are new, and others are being added daily. Around the recently dug wells the out-throw consists of blue clay, accompanied with calcerous filaments, and sometimes with bituminous slate.

She may be a shrew; he may be sulky. She may fret; he may forget that he has any duties besides those of rent-payer and provider of food. There may be nothing sweet in marriage; and if there is not, how much better to remain single, and dream on!

Who but must shudder a little at the thought of leading the sort of life that some women lead, who do not complain, and really have no tangible complaint to make. Should a woman say, "My husbang starves me!" men would cry. "Shame on the brute!" If she should say, "He starves my heart," they would smile. Yet brown bread and a lover is better than feating and neglect.

Helpless Women.—Miss Emily Faithful has written to an English paper that there is no royal road for women; that women must travel the same paths as men in seeking their fortunes, and that they cannot, some she has met seem to think, jump without any previous training into awomen, "she writes, "apply at the Industrial and Educational Bureau in Praed street each week. When asked, "What can you do?" they answer, "Anything you when tested, means they can do nothing at all. At this moment I could send any number of untrained and, therefore, uncoulding women to fill any rost which may without any previous training into awomen, "she writes, "apply at the Industrial and Educational Bureau in Praed street each week. When asked, "What can you do?" they answer, "Anything you when tested, means they can do nothing at all. At this moment I could send any number of untrained and, therefore, uncoulding women to fill any rost which may the cannot have a supplied to the same paths as men in seeking their fortunes, and that they cannot, as some she has met seem to think, jump without any previous training into any kind of employment. "Hundreds of women, "she writes, "apply at the Industrial and Educational Bureau in Praed street each week. When asked, "What are you do?" they answer, "Anything you the street and there is not not have any the three is not not have any the same part and there is no royal road for women, "she HELPLESS WOMEN. - Miss Emily Faith and and a lover is better than feasting and neglect.

At this moment I could send any and property of untrained and, therefore, unqualified women to fill any post which may be offered, but I have considerable difficulty in finding those really fit for the few positions opening out in various directions.

the day come when the adorable Angelina will care not for me, but for my purse, and spend my money to deck herself for the eyes of other men?"

Ah, there is so much to dread! It is alike a bath we have not tested. We may get into hot water—we may have a chill. What does he know of her, who only sees her in her pretitest dress and sweetest suites? What does she know of him, who has met him only in his best coat and company manners? Nothing, sometimes. Sometimes—with that subtle penetration of the heart for which there is no name—all. Yet we do not suppose one in twenty takes the trouble to think about these solemn matters. A week or two of first tion, a ring, a kiss, a flutter of the heart, and on they come, with a jingle of bells, a fissh of diamonds—if they can afford it—with an air which says, "Here we are again, another married couple!"

Yet we know what Jennie said to her old grandfather, when he remarked, "It's an awfu solemn thing to be married, Jennie."

"Ay, grandfather, but it's solemner not to be married at all."

in finding those really fit for the few positions in fire over, but it as over, but the agitation of the subject seems to be still continued. Dr. Kenealy, the claimant's counsel, the Oxford Circuit, because of unprofessional conduct in criticising the conduct of the Chief Justice, and on the 18th of Gray's line of the Army of the Oxford Circuit, because of unprofessional conduct in criticising the conduct of the Chief Justice, and on the 18th of Gray's line of the Army of the Oxford Circuit, because of unprofessional conduct in criticising the conduct of the Chief Justice, and on the 18th of Gray's line of the Chief Justice, and on the 18th of Gray's line of the Chief Justice, and on the 18th of Gray's line of the Chief Justice, and on the 18th of Gray's line of the Chief Justice, and on the subject seems to be still continued. Dr. Kenealy, the claimant's counselved in the Oxford Circuit, because of unprofessional conduct in criticising the colamant's counselved in the Oxford Circuit, becaus

\$200,000.

The Native wines produced in the United States are estimated in round numbers at twenty millions of gallons. California, the largest producer, yields one-fourth this amount, five millions; Ohio about one-sixth, three and one-half millions, and Hilinois each two and one-half millions, and Philadelphia two millions. In these six States are produced all the wines of the country, except about one million and one-half of gallons raised in smaller quantities in the other States. Wines are produced, however, in some quantity in nearly every States and Territury, 20,000 gallons a year being credited to New Jersey, and 5,000 gallons to Delaware. The annual value of our wine crop is about \$14,000,000.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE OLD STORY.

When visions of her face come o'ar ma,
(If her council here on the away,
I say what lowers mit before ma,
What lowers mit before ma,
What lowers will forence may:
That there he bloom covered for her being.
That sires he bloom covered for her maing.
That pirts is greater, this more tales.
That all things tales a richer has
Lower have and them things before;
Lower have and them things before;
Lower will say then eventure.

O, ewast young love, that in all ages Baars ever one sternal form! With lasting youth your ordess pages (flow ever, ever fresh and warm. O, dear old story, ever young! Foots have partiald, activits sung; Burn, namphi in life is half so sweet; bash cannot make you incompete. th cannot make you incomplete. Lovers have said these things before; Lovers will say them evermore.

EAST LYNNE:

THE ELOPEMENT.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

[This Serial was commenced in No. 31. Back numbers can be obtained from all nowsdealers throughouths United States, or direct from this office.]

THE YEARNING OF A BREAKING HEART THE YEARNING OF A BREAKING HEART.

At her bedroom door, the next morning, stood Lady Isabel, listening whether the coast was clear, ere she descended to the grey parlor, for she had a shrinking dread of encountering Mr. Carlyle. When he was glancing narrowly at her face the previous evening she had felt the gaze, and it impressed upon her the dread of his recognition. Not only that; he was the husband of another; therefore it was not expedient that she should see too much of him, for he was far dearer to her heart than he had ever been.

Almost at the same moment, there burst out of a remote room, the nursery, an upright, fair, noble boy, of some five years old, who began careering along the corridor, astride upon a hearth-broom. She did not need to be told it was her boy, Archibald; his likeness to Mr. Carlyle would have proclaimed it, even if her heart had not. In an impulse of unpertenable tenderner. an impulse of unrestrainable tenderness, she seized the child, as he was galloping past her, and carried him into her room, broom and all.

broom and all.

"You must let ane make acquaintance with you," said she him, by way of excuse. "I love little boys."

Love! Down she sat upon a low chair, the child held upon her lap, kissing him passionately, and the tears raining from her eyes. She could not have helped the tears had it been do save ber life; she could not eyes. She could not have helped the tears had it been to save her life; she could as little have helped the kisses. Lifting her eyes, there stood Wilson, who had entered without ceremony. A sick feeling came over Lady Isabel: she felt as if she had betrayed herself. All that could be done now was to make the best of it; to offer some lame excuse. What possessed her, thus to forget herself?

"He did so not me in rememberses of

forget herself?

"He did so put me in remembrance of my own children," she said to Wilson, gulping down her emotion, and hiding her tears in the best manner she could; whilst the astonished Archibald, released now, tears in the best manner she could; whilst the astonished Archibald, released now, stood with his finger in his mouth, and stared at her spectacles, his great blue eyes opened to their utmost width. "When we have lost children of our own, we are apt to love fondly all we come near."

Wilson, who stared only in a less degree than Archie, for she deemed the new governess had gone suddenly mad, gave some voluble assent, and turned her attention upon Archie.

"You naughty young monkey! how dare you ruch out in that way with Sarah's."

"You naughty young monkey! how dare you rush out in that way with Sarah's hearth-broom? I'll tell you what it is, sir? you are getting a mighty deal too owdacious and rumbustical for the nursery. I shall speak to your mamma about it."

She seized hold of the child and shook him. Lady Isabel started forward, her hands up, her voice one of painful entreaty. "Oh, don't don't beat him! I cannot see him beaten."

him beaten."

"Beaten?" echoed Wilson; "if he got a good beating it would be all the better for him; but it's what he never does get. A little shake, or a tap, is all I must give; and it's not half enough. You wouldn't believe the sturdy impudence of that boy, madame; he runs riot, he does. The other two never gave a quarter of the trouble. Come along, you figure! I'll have a bolt put at the top of the nursery door; and if I did, he'd be for climbing up the door-post to get at it."

The last sentence Wilson delivered to the governoss as she jerked Archie out of the

A graceful girl of eight years old, a fragile boy a year younger, both bearing her own once lovely features—her once bright and delicate complexion—her large, soft, brown utterly her heart yearned to them; but there must be no scene like there had just been above. Nevertheless, she stooped and kissed them both—one kiss ach of impassioned fervor. Lucy was acturally silent, William somewhat talka-"You are our new governess," said he.

good friends with Miss Manning. I am to go into Latin soon—as soon as my cough's gone. Do you know Latin?"
"No—not to teach it," she said, studiously avoiding all endearing epithets.
"Papa said you would be almost sure not to know Latin, for that ladies rarely did.
He said he should send up Mr. Kane to teach me."

He said he shound teach me." repeated Lady Isabel, the "Mr. Kane?" repeated Lady Isabel, the her memory. "Mr.

"Mr. Kane?" repeated Lady Isabel, and striking upon her memory. "Mr. Kane, the music-master?"

"How did you know he was a music-master?" cried shrewd William. And Lady Isabel felt the red blood flush to her face at the unlucky admission she had

Lady Isabel felt the red blood flush to her face at the unincky admission she had made. It flushed deeper at her own falseshood, as she muttered some evasive words about hearing of him from Mrs. Latimer.

"Yes, he is a music-master; but he does not get much money at it, and he teaches the classics as well. He has come up to teach us music since Miss Manning left; mamma said that we could not be the left.

sach us music since Miss Manning left: samma said that we ought not to lose our

Mamma! How the word, applied to face.
"You have seen sorrow," she uttered, "You have seen sorrow," she uttered, bending forward, and speaking with the ut-Barbara, grated on her ear.

"Whom does he teach?" she asked.

"Us two," replied William, pointing to his sister and himself.

mamma," pursued Lucy. "This mamma is not."
"Do you love this one as you did the other?" breathed Lady I-sabel.
"Oh, I loved mamma—I loved mamma," uttered Lucy, clasping her hands. "But it's all over. Wilson said we must not love her any longer, and Aunt Cornelia said it. Wilson said, if she loved us she would not have gone away from us."
"Wilson said so?" resentfully spoke Lady Isabel.
"She said she need not have let that man kidnap her. I am afraid he beat her,

"She said she need not have let that man kidnap her. I am afraid he beat her, for she died. I lie in my bed at night, and wonder whether he did beat her, and what made her die. It was after she died that our new mamma came home. Papa said she was come to be our mamma in place of Lady Isabel, and we were to love her dearly."

"The you love her?" almost passionately asked Lady Isabel.
Lucy shook her head.
"Not as I loved mamma."
Love entered to show the way to the

"Not as I loved mamma."

Joyce entered to show the way to the school-room, and they followed her upstairs. As lady Isabel stood at the window, she saw Mr. Carlyle depart on foot on his way to the office. Barbara was with him, hanging fondly on his arm, about to accompany him to the park gates. So had she fondly hung so had she accompanied him, in the days gone forever.

olor of the walls from which the room took its name, a cap of Honiton lace shading her delicate features, sat Mrs. Hare. The justice was in London with Squire Pinner, and Barbara had gone to the Grove and brought her mamma away in triumph. It was eveher mamma away in triumph. It was evening now, and Mrs. Hare was paying a visit to the grey parlor. Miss Cariyle had been dining there, and Lady Isabel, under plea of a violent headache, had begged to decline the invitation to take tea in the drawingthe invitation to take tea in the draw room, for she feared the sharp eyes of Carlyle. Barbara, upon leaving the des table, went to the nursery, as usual, to he baby, and Mrs. Hare took the opportunit Yes. We must be good friends."
Why not?" said the boy. "We were the friends with Miss Manning. I am to be go and sit a few minutes with the government. baby, and Mrs. Hare took the opertunity to go and sit a few minutes with the governess—she feared that governess must be very lonely. Miss Carlyle, scorning usage and ceremony, had remained in the dining-room with Mr. Carlyle, a lecture for him, upon some defalcation or other, most probably in store. Lady leabel was alone. Lucy had gone to keep a birthday in the neighborhood, and William was in the nursery.

Mrs. Hare found ber in a sad attitude, her Mrs. Hare found her in a sad attitude, her two hands pressed upon her temples. She had not yet made acquaintance with her beyond a minute's formal introduction.

"I am sorry to hear you are not well, this evening," she gently said.

"Thank you. My head aches much"—which was no false pies.

"I fear you must feel your solitude irksome. It is dull for you to be here all alone." Mrs. Hare found her in a sad attitude, he

"I am so used to solitude."

Mrs. Hare sat down, and gazed with sympathy at the young, though somewhat strange-looking woman before her: she detected the signs of mental suffering on her

"Whom does he teach?" she asked.

"Us two," replied William, pointing to his sister and himself.

"Do you always take bread and milk?" take inquired, perceiving that to be what they were eating.

"We get tired of it sometimes, and then we have milk and water, and bread and milk again. It's Aunt Cornelia who "with a position." Indeed, I feel for you.

thinks we should not bread and milk for bread hand. Bits any page mere had any completely but all self-content, and all self-content

makes you wish they had died in their in-fancy. There are times when I am tempted to regret that all my treasures are not in the next world; that they have not gone before me. Yes; sorrow is the lot of all." "Surely, not of all," dissented Lady Isa-bel. "There are some bright tots on earth."

"There is not a lot, but must bear its ap-

"Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle—what sorrow can there be in store for them?" asked Lady Is-abel, her voice ringing with a strange sound; which Mrs. Hare noted, though she understood it not.
"Mrs. Carlyle's lot is bright," she said, a

"Mrs. Carlyle's lot is bright," she said, a sweet smile illuminating her features. "She loves her husband with an impassioned love; and he is worthy of it. A happy fate, indeed, is hers; but she must not expect to be exempted from sorrow. Mr. Carlyle has had his share of it," concluded Mrs. Hare.

concluded Mrs. Hare.

"Ah!"

"You have, doubtless, been made acquainted with his history. His first wife left him; left home and her children. He bore it bravely before the world; but I know it wrung his very heart-strings. She

know it wring his very heart-strings. She was his heart's sole idol."

"She? Not Barbara?"

The moment the word "Barbara" escaped her lips, Lady Isabel recollected herself. She was only Madame Vine, the governess; what would Mrs. Hare think of her familiarity?

Mrs. Hare did not appear to have noticed it also was shearted in the arbitest.

trear, she was the sweetest woman, that in-fortunate Lady Isabel. I loved her then, and I cannot help loving her still. Others blamed her, but I pitted. They were well matched: he, so good and noble—she, so lovely and endearing."

"And she left him! threw him to the

"And she let him! threw him to the winds, with all his nobility and love!" exclaimed that poor governess, with a gesture of the hands, that looked very like despair.

"Yes. It will not do to talk for fit—it is a miserable subject. How she could abandon such a based on the highest could abandon. vel to many; but to none more than it was to me and my daughter. The false step— though I feel almost ashamed to speak out though I reet aimest assumed to speak out the thought, lest it may appear to savor of triumph—while it must have secured her own wretchedness, led to the happiness of my child; for it is pretty certain Barbara would never love one as she loves Mr. Car-late.

It did secure wretchedness to her, you think?" cried Lady Isabel, her tone of

think? Cried Lady Isalet, her tone one of bitter mockey, more than anything else.

Mrs. Hare was surprised at the question.

"No woman ever took that fatal step yet, without its entailing on her the most dire wretchedness," she replied. "It cannot be otherwise. And Lady Isabel was of a nature to feel removes beyond common to ture to feel remorse beyond common-to-meet it half way. Refined, modest, with meet it half way. Refined, modest, with every feeling of an English gentlewoman, she was the very last, one would have thought to act so. It was as if she had gone away in a dream, not knowing what she was doing; I have thought so many a time.—That terrible mental wretchedness and remorse did overtake her, I know."

"How did you know that? Did you hear it?" exclaimed Lady Isabel, her tone all too ments had Me. Have been expensed.

all too eager had Mrs. Hare been suspicious.
"Did he proclaim that—Francis Levison?
Did you hear it from him?"

Mrs. Hare, gentle Mrs. Hare, drew her-self up, for the words grated on her feelings and on her pride. Another moment, and she was mild and kind again, for she re-flected that that poor, sorrowful governess must have spoken without thought. "I know not what bir Francia Levison may have chosen to proclaim" she said:

may have chosen to proclaim," she said; "but you may be sure he would not be al-

Quite empty. The fire blazed, the chande-lier was lighted, but nobody was enjoying the warmth or the light. From the inner room, however, came the sound of the piano, and the tones of Mr. Carlyle's voice. She recognized the chords of the music; they were those of the accompaniment to the song he had so loved when she sang it to him. Who was about to sing it to him now? Lady babel stole across the drawing-room.

Lady Isabel stole across the drawing-room Lady Isabel stole nerose the drawing-room to the other door, which was ajar. Barbara was seated at the piane, and Mr. Carlyle stood by her, his arm on her chair, and bending his face on a level with hers, possibly to look at the music. So once had stolen, so once had peeped the unhappy Barbara, to hear this self-same song. Nhe had been his wife then; she had cravad and received his kisses when it was over. Their resitions were reversed.

and received his kisses when it was over.
Their positions were reversed.
Barbara began. Her voice had not the
brittiant power of Lady Isabel's, but it was
a sweet and pleasant voice to listen to.

"When other lips and other hearts
Their tales of love shall teil,
In language whose excess imparts
The power they feel so well,
There may perhaps in such a scene.
Some recoilection be,
Of days that have as happy been.
And you'll remember me.

Days that had an happy been.

Days that had as happy been! Ay. Did he remember her? Did a thought of her, his first and best love, flit across him, as the words fell on his ear? Did a past vision

so had she accompanied him, in the days sturdy impundence of that boy, madame; he runs riot, he does. The other two never gave a quarter of the trouble. Come along you figure! I'll have a bolt put at the top of the musery door; and if I did, he'd be offered to the subject of their studies, the differently allotted hours, some to play, some to work. She spoke in a courteous but most decided mistress of the house and children, and breakfast, were welder children, and breakfast, were well as of the courted the room when she longing.

The last is more than two of "Barbara" escaped her lips, Lady Isabel recollected the word "Barbara" escaped her lips, Lady Isabel recollected from the word "Barbara" escaped her lips, Lady Isabel recollected from the word "Barbara" escaped her lips, Lady Isabel recollected from the word "Barbara" escaped her lips, Lady Isabel recollected from the word "Barbara" escaped her lips, Lady Isabel recollected from the word "Barbara" escaped her lips, Lady Isabel recollected from the word "Barbara" escaped her lips, Lady Isabel recollected from the word "Barbara" escaped her lips, Lady Isabel recollected from the word "Barbara" escaped her lips, Lady Isabel recollected from the word "Barbara" escaped her lips, Lady Isabel recollected from the when she had sat there and say of the time when she had sat there and say of the time when she had sat there and say of the time when she had sat there and say of the time when she had sat there and say of the time when she had sat there and say of the time when she had sat there and say of the time when she had sat there she she had sat there and say of the time when she had sat there she she

did succeed in remaining undscovered, that six woman, that unstand hard in the same she and Barbara should dwell in the same habitation, Mr. Carlyle being in it? Did she deem it to be right? No, she did not, but one act of ill doing entails more. These thoughts were passing through her mind as the stool there, listening to the song, stool there were throughts were passing through her mind as the stool there, listening to the song, stool there were throughts were passing through her mind as the stool there, listening to the song, stool there were throughts and love!" extract that is a class of till doing entails more. These song was over, and Barbara turned to her husband, a whole world of love in the reserved dinner tables. Mr. Dill, who had been present, remained rubbing his bands with eatifaction, and casting admiring planes at Mr. Carlyle.

What is the matter, Dill "asked the latter," you dook as though you were pleased at this movement, and assured that should accept it."

"And so you will, Mr. Archibald. And to you think also it turned and to the bappiness of the papear to savor of the happiness of the present was entering from the hall. They had not yet of the happiness of the present was contracted to contract the secured her of the happiness of the present was contracted to contract the present of the save secured her of the happiness of the present was contracted to contract the present of the present was the best that could be made of him, and the deputation backed out, and, as the best that could be made of him, and the deputation backed out, and, as the best that could be made of him, and the deputation backed out, and, as the best that could be made of him, and the deputation backed out, and, as the best that could be made of him, and the deputation backed out, and, as the best that could be made of him, and the deputation backed out, and, as the best that could be made of him, and the deputation backed out, and, as the best that could be made of him, and the deputation backed out, and, as the best

ou all?"
" We'll trust you, Carlyle. Too happy to

"We'll trust you, Carlyle. Too happy to do it."

"I am not sure I could spare the time," deliberated Mr. Carlyle.

"Now, Carlyle, you must remember that you avowed to me, no longer ago than last

you avowed to me, no longer ago than last Christmas, your intention of going into parliament some time," struck in Mr. Justice Herbert. "You can't deny it."
"Some time!—yes," replied Mr. Carlyle; "but I did not say when. I have no thoughts of it yet awhile."
"You must allow us to put you in nomination, you must indeed, Mr. Carlyle.—There's nobody else fit for it. As good send a pig to the House as some of us."
"An extremely flattering reason for proposing to shift the honor upon me," laughed Mr. Carlyle.
"Well, you know what we mean, Carlyle; there's not a man in the whole country so

there's not a man in the whole country so suitable as you, search it to the extremity of its boundaries—you must know there is

not."
"I don't know anything of the sort," re "I don't know anything of the sort," re-turned Mr. Carlyle,
"At any rate we shall do it, for we have determined upon having you. When you walk into West Lyme to morrow, you'll see the walls alive with placards, 'Carlyle for

all. In the old East Lynne pew at St. Jude's, so conspicuous to the congregation, sat she, as in former times; no excuse dared an he, the governess, make, to remain away. It was the first time she had entered an English Protestant church, since she had along thought of sometime entering period of the "when" had fixed left in his mind. He saw not why he should confine his teat in it, there, with Mr. Carlyle. Can you wonder that the fast alone, with all the trible remembrances it brought in train, was sufficient to overwhelm her with emo "She sat at the upper end now, with Lucy. Barbara occupied the place that had been hers, by the side of Mr. Carlyle." Barbara there, in her own right, his wife; she severed from him forever and forever. She scarcely raised her head; she tight end her thick well over her forcy; she kept her spectacles bent toward the ground. Lee whought she must be crying, she had ever seen any one so still at church before. Lee was mistaken; tears came not to solace the bitter anguish of hopeless, self-ground and the bounder of the world; but there was mostilated as better one. He could not tell; she could not tell she when should sit out other services, so the bundance and sh

believed; his talents were superior, his oratory persuasive, and he had the gift of a true
and honest spirit. That he would have the
interest of West Lynne at heart was certain,
and he knew that he should serve his constituents to the very best of his power and
ability. They knew it also.

Before Mr. Carlyle had reached East
Lynne, he had decided that it should be.

It was a fine spring evening. The filacwas in bloom, the hedges and tress were
clothed in their early green, and all things
seemed full of promise. Even Mr. Carlyle's
heart was rejoicing in the prospect opened
to it; he was sure he should like public
life; but in the sanguine moments of realisation or of hope, some dark shade will step
in to mar the brightness.

Barbara stood at the drawing-room window watching for him. Not in her was the

Blarbara stood at the drawing-room window watching for him. Not in her was the dark shade; her dress was a marvel of vanity and prettiness, and she had chosen to place on her fair hair a dainty head-dress of lace—as if her hair required any such ornament! She waltsed up to Mr. Carlyle when he entered, and saucily held up her face, the light of love dancing in her bright blue even.

light of love nancing.

"What do you want?" he provokingly asked, putting his hands behind him and letting her stand there.

"Oh, well—if you won't say good evening to me, I have a great mind to say you should not kiss me for a week, Archibald."

He laughed. "Who would be most pun-

He laughed. "Who would be most pun-ished by that?" whispered he.

Barbara pouted her pretty lips, and the tears positively came into her eyes. "Which is as much as to say it would be no punish-ment to you. Archibald, don't you care for me?"

ment to you. Archibald, down you care nome?"

He threw his arms around her, and clasped her to his heart, taking plenty of kisses then. "You know whether I care or not," he fondly whispered.

But now, will you believe that that unfortunate Lady Isabel had been a witness to this? Well, it was only what his greeting to her had once been. Her pale face flushed to her had once been. Her pale face flushed carlet, and she gilded out of the room again as softly as she had entered it. They had not seen her. Mr. Carlyle drew his wife to the window, and stood there, his arm round her waist.

round her waist.

"Barbara, what would you say to living in Lendon for a few months out of the

in London for a few months out of the twelve?"

"London? I am very happy where I am. Why should you ask me that? You are not going to live in London?"

"I am not sure of that I think I am for a portion of the vear. I have had an offer made me this afternoon, Barbara."

She looked at him, wondering what he meant—wondering whether he was serious. An offer? What sort of an offer? Of what nature could it be?

He smiled at her perplexity. "Should you like to see M.P. attached to my name? West Lynne wants me to become its member."

ber."

A pause to take in the news; a sudden rush of color, and then she gleefully clasped her hands round his arm, her eyes sparkling

with pleasure.
"Oh, Archibald, how glad I am! I knew Oh, Architato, nos gos low you will be appreciated more and more. This is right; it was not well for you to remain what you are for life —a private individual, a country

are for life—a private individual, a country lawer."

"I am perfectly contented with my lot, Barbara," he seriously said. "I am too busy to be otherwise."

"I know that; were you but a laboring man, toiling daily for the bread you cat, you would be contented, feeling that you were fulfilling your appointed duty to the utmost," she impulsively said; "but, Archibald, can, you not still be a busy man at West Lynne although you do become its representative?"

"If I could not, I should never accept the honor, Barbara. For some few months of the year I must of necessity be in town; but Itali is an efficient substitute, and I can run down for a week or so between times. Part

Dill is an efficient substitute, and I can run-down for a week or so between times. Part of Saturday, Sunday, and part of Monday I can always pass here if I please. Of course these changes have their drawbacks, as well as their advantages."

"Where would be the drawbacks in this?" she interrupted.

"Well," smiled Mr. Carlyle, "in the first place, I suppose you could not always be with me."

Her hands fell her color failed "Oh,

Archibald?"
"If I do become this member, I must go

She could not dissent from Mr. Carlyle's reasoning.

"And you must remain in London to the end of the session, while I am here! Separated! Archibald," she passionately added, while the tears goshed into her eyes. "I could not live without you."

"Then what is to be done? Must I decline it."

"Decline it! Of course not! I know

her with a hurried courtesy. Miss Cariyle spoke, but she dared not answer; to wait, would have been to betray herself.

Sunday came, and that was the worst of all. In the old East Lynne pew at St. Jude's, so conspicuous to the congregation, sat she, as in former times; no excuse dared she, the governess, make, to remain away. It was the first time she had entered an English Protestant church, since she had last sat in it, there, with Mr. Carlyle. Can you wonder that the fact alone with the first time she had alone to which had control to the "when" had first distributed to the "when" had first distributed to the children were upon the best of terms. She had greatly endeaved by the control to the children were upon the best of terms. She had greatly endeaved by the should confine the children were upon the best of terms.

mad she leoked.

But Lucy felt hungry, and was casting lenging glances to the tea-table. She wondered how long her governoss meant to keep it waiting "Madame Vine," cried and she knocked at the window with her knockes. He did not hear it; be had irranje?"

This caused Madame Vine to raise her even. They fell on the pale boy at her fost. She made no immediate answer, only placed her hand on Lucy's shoulder.

"Oh Lucy deer, L. Lucy many agrows."

Whis Carlyle's carriosity was keener than her alpetite, for she stayed on the watch, although just informed that her dinner was errord. Presently Mr. Carlyle appeared, and she knocked at the window with her knockes. He did not hear it; be had turned off at a quick pace toward home. The clerks came out next, one after another; and the last was Mr. Dill. He was less hurried than Mr. Carlyle had been, and hered Miss Carly's expraise. felt hungry, and was casting

ready?"

This caused Madame Vine to raise her rea. They fell on the pale boy at her feet, he made no immediate answer, only placed er hand on Lucy's shoulder.

"Oh, Lucy dear, I—I have many sorrows.

consolation.

"Their greeting, tender as it may be, is surely over by this time," thought Lady Isabel, an expression something like mockey curving her lips. "I will venture again."

Only to see him with his wife's face on his breast, and his lips bent upon it. But they had heard her this time, and she had to ad-Only to see him with his wife a face on his breast, and his lips bent upon it. But they had he ard her this time, and she had to advance, in spite of her spirit of misery and her whitened features.

"Would you be so good, sir, as to come and look at William?" she asked, in a low tone, of Mr. Carlyle.

"Cortainly."

"Cortainly."

"Member of what?" circu site, not goesting at the actual meaning.

"Of Parliament, Miss Corny, to replace Mr. Attley. The gentlemen came to solicit him to be put in nomination.

"Solicit a donkey!" irascibly uttered Miss Corny, for the tidings did not meet her approbation. "Did Archibald turn them out again."

"Well, I am not without a few hundred to spare for the plaything," he said, turning upon her the good humored light of his fine countenance.

"Oh, Lucy dest, I—I have many sorrows to bear."
"The tea will warm you, and there is that stream of people want at the office?" to consolation.
"The tea will warm you, and there is that stream of people want at the office?" began she when Mr. Dill had entered in obedience to it.

obedience to it.

"That was the deputation, Miss Cornelia."

"What deputation?"

"The deputation to Mr. Archibald. They want him to become their new member."

"Member of what?" cried she, not guess-

Two or three days more, and the address of Mr. Carlyle, to the inhabitants of West Lynne, appearsed in the local papers, while the walls and posts convenient were embellished with various colored placards. "Vote for Carlyle." "Carlyle forever?"

Wonders never cease. Surprises are the lot of man; but, perhaps a greater surprise had never been experienced, by those who knew what was what, than when it went forth to the world that Sir Francis Lewison had converted himself from—from what he was—into a red-hot politician.

Had he been offered the post of prime minister? Or did his conscience smite him, as was the case with a certain gallant captain renowned in song? Neither the one nor

as was the case with a certain galland captain renowned in song? Neither the one nor the other. The simple fact was, that Sir Francis Levison was in a state of pecuniary embarrassment, and required something to prop him up—some sing sinceure—plenty to get, and nothing to do.

Patch himself up he must. But how? He had tried the tables, but luck was against him; he made a desperate venture on the torf, a grand cosp that would have set him on his legs for some time; but the venture interred out the wrong way, and Sir Francis was a defaulter. He began then to think there was nothing for it but to drop into some nice government nest, where, as I have told you, there would be plenty to get and nothing to do. Any place with much to do would not suit him, or he it; he was to empty headed for work requiring talent you now have remarked that a man given to Sir Francis Levison's pursuits generally it.

He dropped into something good or there was interested to a fortune, and the bar the fading heart woke up once more to life. Still, the marriage did not come on: he said nothing of it, and she spoke to him.—Very some hore into some here," cried Alice, who had a cover interested into the some new continued to live one—in hope."

Signature in spile of the eposit of money and look at Williams "she saked, in a bottom, of Mr. Carlyle."

What for?" interpreted Rathars.

"He looks were till. I bottom the best he bottom, of Mr. Carlyle."

The wort to the grey pariety at the can be soon. The cardy the same of them. Mr. Carlyle was in first and bad been at the bottom of them. Mr. Carlyle was in first and bad been the can be the other can be soon. The cardy them to district the can be soon. The cardy them to see the dame of the same of the same of them. Mr. Carlyle was in first and bad been the can be soon. The cardy them to see the dame of the same of the

whispered.
"I think he looks so. What does Mr.
"He says nothing to me. I have not inquired his true condition. Until to-night it did not occur to me that there was any apprehension." The tever I should have lived to see this day? To hear money talked of as though it were dirt. And what's to become of your business?" she sharply added. "Is that to be let run to rack and ruin, while you are kicking up your heels in that wheels in that while you are kicking up your heels in that the let run to rack and ruin, while you are kicking up your heels in that wheels in that they will off. She was Mrs. Warning; and at her house resided Blanche, for the girls were orphans. Blanche was beginning to show symptoms of her nearly thirty years not the years, but the long-ton time of the plaything." It was a remark of Hannah's that arrowed my slarm is she thinks he so in the rack and ruin, while you are kicking up your heels in that the let run to rack and ruin, while you are kicking up your heels in that the let a widow, well off. She was Mrs. Warning; the said, turning that the weedling should be speedly.

Lydia Challener had married, and been left a widow, well off. She was Mrs. Warning; in at a three house resided Blanche, for the girls were orphans. Blanche was beginning to show symptoms of her nearly thirty years in the pears but the left a widow, well off. She was Mrs. Warning; in at the house resided at the thouse resided at the thouse resided was the years had the house resided, to himself. Sir Francis Levison.

There came to Mrs. Warning is upon a christman from the still that the weedling should be speedly.

Lydia Challener had married, and been left a widow, well off. She was Mrs. Warning; in at the house resided blanche, for the girls were orphans. Blanche was beginning to show symptoms of her nearly thirty years in other years, but the long-continued disappointment, the heart burning; and at her house resided Blanche, for the girls a wide of which we dow, well off. She was Mrs. Warning; in a dather house resided Blan

dead, Dill could carry on the business just as well as it is being carried on now. I might go into a foreign country for seven indensity of her emotion. She almost forgot, as they stood there together talking of the welfare of the child, their child, that he was no longer her husband. Almost, not quite, utterly imposedible would it be for her whelly to forgot the dreadild present. Neither he nor the child could belong to her in this world.

A strange rising of the throat in her wild despart, a mesk courtesy as she turned from him, his last words ringing in her caus.

"I shall call in forther advice for him, Madame Vine."

I shall call in forther advice for him, Madame Vine."

I shall call in forther advice for him, and preparations for the certain a cosxing attitude, when she resentered the grey parior. "I know what I could cat, mamma, if you'd let me have it," crist he mostly upon the stretch." You did not leave me here, and what of Blanche? Blanche was stunned. A desparing stuper took possess to answer to her remonstrance that he must cat something.

"Will at could you cat?"

"Some chosse."

"What could you cat?"

"Some chosse."

"What could you cat?"

"Some chosse."

"What could you cat?"

"Some chosse."

"Some chosse."

"Some chosse."

"Some chosse."

"Some chosse."

"Chesse with tea?" laughed Mrs. Carlyle.

"Some chosse."

"Chesse." The know hat I could cat, making the c

the fender, reading a love-tetter from Sir Francis.

"Alice, I am come to tell you a story," and she, quietly. "Will you hear it?"

"In a minute. Stop a bit," repeated Alice. She finished the perusal of the letter, put it aside, and then "poke again. "What did you say, Blanche? A story?"

Blanche noddied. "Several years ago, there was a fair young girl, none too rich, in our station of life. A gentleman, who was none too rich either, sought and gained her love. He could not marry: he was not rich, I say. They loved on in secret, hoping for better times, she wearing out her years and her heart. Oh, Alice! I cannot describe to you how she loved him—how

when he came into it, but returned home at once; their intercourse was renewed, and her fading heart woke up once more to life. Still, the marriage did not come on it he said nothing of it, and she spoke to him. Very soon, now, should it be, was his answer, and she continued to live on—in hope."

"Go on, Blanche," cried Alice, who had grown interested in the tale, never suspecting it could bear a personal interest.

"Yes, I will go on. Would you believe, Alice, that almost immediately after this last promise, he saw one whom he fancied he should like better, and asked her to be his wife, forsaking the one to whom he was his wife, forsaking the one to whom he was bound by every tie of honor—repudiating all that had been between them, even his

all that had been between the work and promises?"

"How disgraceful! Were they married?"

"They are to be. Would you have such a man?"

"Mr. Meredith.

The information somewhat aroused Sir-Francis. "Headthelot! What brings him back?"

"I" returned Alice, quite indignant at question. "It is not likely that I

That man, Alice, is Sir Francis Levi-

son."
Alice Challoner gave a start, and her face became scarlet. "How dare you say so, Blanche? It is not true. Who was the girl, pray? She must have traduced him."
"She has not traduced him," was the subdued answer. "The girl was myself."
An awkward pause. "I know," cried Alice, throwing back her head resentfully. "He told me I might expect something of this—that you had fancied him in love with you, and were angry because he had chosen me."

Blanche turned upon her with streaming eyes; she could no longer control her emotion. "Alice, my sister, all the pride is gone out of me; all the reticence that woman loves to observe as to her wrongs and her inward feelings, I have broken for you this night. As sure as that there is heaven above us, I have told you but the truth. Until you came, I was engaged to Francis Levison."

An unnatural scene ensued. Blanche, provoked at Alice's rejection of her words, told all the ill she knew, or had heard, of the man; she dwelt upon his conduct with regual to Lady belset Carlyle, his hearthest after-treatment of that unhappy lady. Alice was passionate and fiery. She professed not believe a word of her sister's wrongs, and as to the other stories, they were no affairs of hers, she said; what had she to do with his past life?

But Alice Challoner did believe; her exister's ermestness and distress, as she told existence of the processes and the processes and the finds be any processed to the other stories, they were no affairs of yours. But private feelings must give way to public interests; and the test hing you can do is to stort. Headthelot is angry enough as it is. He says, had you been down at first, as you ought to have seen, you would have slipped in without opposition; but now there'll be a contest." Sir Francis looked up sharply. "A contest? Who is going to stand the funds 2" "Pshaw! As if we should let funds be any particular to the field?"

But Alice Challoner did believe; her sister's ermestness and distress, as she told." "No," was the apathetic answer.

as to the other stories, they were no affairs of hers, she said; what had she to do with his past life? But Alice Challoner did believe; her sister's carnestness and distress, as she told the tale carried conviction with them. She the tale carried conviction with them. She did not very much care for Sir Francis; he was not entwined round her heart, as he was round Blanche's; but she was dazzled with the prespect of so good a settlement in life, and she would not give him up. If Blanche broke her heart—why, she must break it. But she need not have mixed taunts and jeers with her refusal to believe; she need not have triumphed openly over Blanche. Was it well done? Was it the work of an affectionate sister? As we sow, so shall we reap. She married Sir Francis Levison, leaving Blanche to her broken heart, or to any other calamity that might grow out of the injustice. And there were the statement of the injustice. And there were in the preference to him. It is a case. It is not elect me in preference to him. I'm not sure, indeed, that West Lynne would have me in any case. If you know our, interest there. Giovernment put in Attley, and it can put in you the whole of the finger. Considerable skill may be shown in performing them with nice variations; such as extending the left instead of the right, or stretching a new you the whole of the finger. Considerable skill may be shown in performing them with nice variations; such as extending the left instead of the right, or stretching a new you the whole of the finger. Considerable skill may be shown in performing them with nice variations; such as extending the left instead of the right, or stretching a new you the whole of the finger. Considerable skill may be shown in performing them with nice variations; such as extending the left instead of the right, or stretching a new you the whole of the finger. Considerable skill may be shown in performing them with nice variations; such as extending the left instead of the right, or stretching a new you the whole of the finger. any other calamity that might grow out of the injustice. And there sat Lady Levison now, her three years of marriage having served to turn her love for Francis into

the injustice,
now, her three years of marriage navous
served to turn her love for Francis into
contempt and hate.

A little boy, two years old, the only
child of the marriage, was playing about the
room. His mother took no notice of him;
she was buried in all-absorbing thought;
thought which caused her lips to contract
and her brow to scowl. Sir Francis entered,
measure the service of the ser She and her brow to scowl. Sir Francis entered, his attitude lounging, his air listless. Lady Levison roused herself, but no pleasant manner of tone was hers, as she set herself was a light set.

to address him.

to address him.
"I want some money," she said.
"So do I," he answered.
An impatient stamp of the foot and a haughty toss. "And I must have it. I must. I told you yesterday that I must. Do you suppose I can go on, without a sixpence

her elbow on the mantel-piece, her eyes hidden by her hand. Thus she remained for some minutes, and Lacy thought how and he looked.

Thus the remained she might see better.

They filed off, some one way, some another. Miss Carlyle's cariosity was keener than her agreement than her agreement to the form of their persuasions, she quitted the house, and went stalking down to undress; she was sitting in a comfortable chair before the fire, the feet on the fender, reading a love-letter from Sir Two or three days more, and the address.

Two or three days more, and the address.

Two or three days more, and the address. as you or I, but, from something which had transpired touching one of his numerous debte, did not dare to show himself. That morning the matter had been arranged, patched up for a time.

"My stars, Levison!" began Mr. Meredith who was a whitter in of the ministry.

"My stars, Levison:
dith, who was a whipper-in of the ministry,
"what a row there is about you! Why, you
look as well as ever you were."
"A great deal better to-day," coughed Sir

"A great deal better to-siay, Congressions:
"To think that you should have chosen the present moment for skulking? Here have I been dancing attendance at your door, day after day, in a state of incipient fever, enough to put me into a real one, and could author as admitted nor a letter taken up. enough to put me into a real one, and could neither get admitted nor a letter taken up. I should have blown the house up to-day and got in amidst the flying debris. By the way, are you and my lady two, just now?" "Two?" growled Sir Francis. "She was stepping into her carriage yester-

"She was stepping into her carriage yester-day when they turned me from the door, and I made inquiry of her. Her ladyship's answer was, that she knew nothing either of Sir Francis or his illness."

"Her hadyship is subject to flights of dis-temper," chafed Sir Francis. "What des-perate need have you of me, just now?— Headthelot's away and there's nothing do-ing."

"Nothing doing up here; a deal too much doing somewhere else. Attley's scat's in the market."
"Well?"
"Nell you much to have been down there "And you ought to have been down there

"And you ought to have been down there about it three or four days ago. Of course you must step into it."

"Of course I shan't," returned Sir Francis,
"To represent West Lynne will not suit me."
"Not suit you! West Lynne! Why, of all places, it is most suitable. It's close to

"If you call ten miles close. I shall not put up for West Lynne, Meredith." "Headthelot came up this morning," said Mr. Meredith.

h Francis. "Headthelot! What brings him back?"

"You. I tell you, Levison, there's a hot row. Headthelot expected you would be at twest Lynne days past, and he has come up in an awful rage. Every additional vote we can count in the House is worth its weight in gold; and you, he says, are allowing West Lynne to slip through your fingers! You must start for it at once, Levison."

Sir Francis mused. Had the alternative been given to him, he would have preferred to represent a certain warm place under ground rather than West Lynne. But, to quit Headthelot, and the snug post he anticipated, would be ruin irretrievable; nothing short of outlawry or the Queen's prison. It was awfully necessary to get his threatened person into Parliament, and he began to turn over in his mind whether he could bring himself to make further acquaintance with

ne tied ?"
"No," was the apathetic answer.
"Carlyle."
"Carlyle!" uttered Sir Francis, startled. "Oh, by George, though! I can't stand against him."
"Well, there's the alternative. If you

"Otway Bethel is not at West Lynne.— Supposed to be in Norway. Movements uncertain."

(To be continued in our next.)

COMING BACK ?

smant. Itold von yesterday that I must. Do you suppose I can go on, without a sixpence of ready money, day after day?"

"To you suppose it is any use to put yourself in this fury?" retorted Sir Francis. "A dozen times a week do you bother me for money, and a dozen times do I tell you I have got none. I have got none for myself. You may as well ask that baby for money, as ask me."

"I wish he had never been born!" passionately uttered Lady Levison. "Unless he had had a different father."

That the last sentence, and the bitter scorn of its tone, would have provoked a reprisal from Sir Francis, his flashing countenance betrayed. Het at that moment a servant entered the room.

"I beg your pardon, sir. That man Brown forced his way into the hall, and"—"I can't see him, I won't see him," interface the room.

"I can't see him, I won't see him," interfaced Sir Francis, backing to the farthess.

Nothing on this earth can make up for the wall, a sweet face from the beautiful past—can you succeed? Ah, no! You had not the day and hour were shown forced his way into the hall, and"—"I can't see him, I won't see him, I won't

SHAKING HANDS.

A genial writer on things odd, thus dis-

A genial writer on things odd, thus discourses on that funniest and most characteristic of civilized customs, hand-shaking:

The pump-handle is the first which deserves notice. It is executed by taking a friend's hand and working it up and down through an arc of fifty degrees, for about a minute and a half. To have its nature, force, and character, this shake should be performed with a fair and steady motion. No attempt should be made to give it grace, and still less variety, as the few instances in which the latter has been tried have uniformly resulted in dislocating the shoulder of the person on whom it has been attempted. On the contrary, persons who are partial to the pump-handle shake should be at some pains to give an equable, tranquif movement to the overetime which should an no account. pump-handle shake should be at some pains to give an equable tranquif movement to the operation, which should on no account be continued after perspiration on the part

be continued after perspiration on the part of your friend has commenced.

The pendulus shake may be mentioned next, as being somewhat similar in character; but moving, as the name indicates, in hori-zontal, instead of perpendicular direction. It is executed by sweeping your hand hori-zontally towards your friend's, and after the junction is effected, rowing with it from one

It is executed by sweeping your hand horizontally towards your friend's, and after the junction is effected, rowing with it from one side to the other, according to the pleasure of the parties. The only caution in its use which needs particularly to be given, is not to insist on performing it in a plane strictly parallel to the horizon. You may observe a person that has been educated to the pumphandle shake, and another that has brought home the penduluss from a foreign voyage. They met, joined hands, and attempted to put them in motion. They were neither of them feeble men. One endeavored to pump, and the other to paddle; their faces reddened; the drops stood on their forehead; and it was at last a pleasant illustration of the doctrine of forces to see their heads slanting in an exact diagonal, in which line they ever after shook; but it was plain to see their was no cordiality in it; and as is usually the case with such compromises, both parties were discontented.

The towniquet shake is the next in importance. It derives its name from the instrument made use of by surgeons to stop the circulation of the blood in the limit about to be amputated. It is performed by clasping the hand of your friend as far as you can in your own, and then contracting the muscles of your thumb, fingers, and palm, till you have induced any degree of compression you may propose in the hand of your friend as far as somall and soft as a maiden's, not to make use of the towniquet shake to a degree that it will shake the small bones of the wrist out of their places. It is seldom safe to apply it to gouty persons. A hearty young friend who had pursued the study of geology, and acquired an unusual hardness and strength of hand and wrist by the use of the hammer, on returning from a scientific excursion, gave his gouty unlest the towniquet between the study of geology, and acquired an unusual hardness and strength of hand and wrist by the use of the hammer, on returning from a scientific excursion, gave his gouty uncle the tourniquet shake with such severity as had well-nigh reduced the old gentleman's fingers to powder; for which my friend had the pleasure of being disinherited, as soon as his uncle's fingers got well enough to hold a pen.

The cordial graphe is a shake of some interest. It is a hearty, boisterous shake of your friend's hand, accompanied with moderate pressure and loud acclamations of welcome. It is an excellent traveling shake, and well adapted to make friends. It is indiscriminately performed.

shake, and well adapted to make friends. It is indiscriminately performed.

The Peter Gricrous touch is opposed to the cordial grapple. It is a pensive, tranquil junction, followed by a mild subsultory motion, a cast-down fook, and, at the same time, an inarticulate inquiry after your friend's health.

The prade major and prude minor are nearly monopolized by ladies. They cannot be accurately described, but are constantly to be noticed in practice. They never extend beyond the fingers; and the prude major allows you to touch them only down to the second point; the prude minor allows

"Yes," answered Sir Francis.

An hour's time, and Sir Francis Levison wert forth. On his way to be conveyed to West Lynne? Not yet. He turned his steps toward Scotland Yard. In considerably less than another hour, the following telegram, marked "Secret," went down from the head office to the superintendent of police at West Lynne:

"Is Otway Bethel at West Lynne? If not, where is he? and when will he be returning to it!"

It elicited a prompt answer. about it, suddenly they saw the rope move as though some one laborest to pull up the anchor. The anchor, however, still held fast to the stone, and a great noise was sud-denly heard in the air, like the shouting of sailors. Presently a sailor was seen sliding down the cable for the purpose of unfixing the anchor; and when he had just loosened it, the villagers seized hold of him, and while in their hands he quickly died, just as though be had been drowned. About an hour after, the sailors above hearing no about it suddenly the

"Most cally to make "He would take me with teas" lengthed. The makes already the makes already the teast of th

ber-like, and save me from mortification. Either she knows nothing, or she knows Nellie likes me."

After that, I may say I courted Nellie. She knew I lowed her, I'm sure of that; even if I had not said so out and out, she knew I lowed her, I'm sure of that; even if I had not said so out and out, she heave, of course, and nany wiling enough to listen to old Brolie's stories for the sake of looking at his daughter; and many ajealous pang I had in those days, for Nellie had the same smile for every one.

I used to think that a "no" from Nellie's lips would go straight through my heart like a bulles, and I found it hard to risk the hearing of it. She must say it to all but one for us, and I was not so handsome as one, and not so witty as another, and not so rich as a hird. I think I never knew how plain I was though, until I had my photograph taken one day, by a man who had a gallery in the village. I thought at first he must have made too much of my mouth and tool titled of my eyes; but he showed men plainly that the machine and could'n nake a mistake. I took the things home and put them in a farwer, and showed them to no looky; but they took the little vanity I had out of me, thought if I looked like that it was best not. I've heard other people speak of the same feelings since, in grand to hotographers; and I am not sure the said, mouth of the same feelings since, in grand to hotographers; and I am not sure the said, mouth of the same feelings since, in grand to hotographers; and to have not so had been fitted on the same feelings since, in good and the same feelings since, in the machine and could'nt nake a mistake. I took the things home and put them in a farwer, and showed them to no looky; but they took the little vanity I had out of me, thought of the same feelings since, in the mistake. I took the things home and put them in a farwer, and showed them to no looky; but they took the little that it was best not. I've heard other people speak of the same feelings since, in the same feelings since, in the same

THE LOVERS APPEAL.

I there there all any internal processing and the speak case word to me. But also was the control of the c

FACETIÆ.

THE STAGE VILLAIN. Behold him, as with morely brow

Beheld him, as with snoody brow
Alovat the darkened stage he stalke,
With swe-reddy blacks in hand,
And are of hate and posteon tarks.
His given the sweets milk would seen,
And into acids sweetsnoot turn;
And yet he has a heart they any,
Doth ever with soof feelings years.
Sed lod to hear the food appleamen.
That virtue's here doth seemsand;
Him, let our here do he beard.
He handwish he cannot get a hand.
The wave with control of his beart,
He handwish he cannot get a hand.
The sawwintene of the town
Ring in his wave and hannet his dreams;
And always just spoot the point
And always just spoot the point
Per sawwintene of the the point
And always just spoot that when, at hast,
Our will lark hope that when, at hast,
Our will not him may reach his ears.
And with harsh sounds his sail you.
VELY purposit.— Mining.

"How old is your mamma?" asked a love-mitten old bachelor of the daughter of the widow who had enchanted him. "I don't know, sir; ma's age varies from about forty-three to twenty-five," was the artless reply; and the bachelor was disenchanted.

A surre of rooms was advertised at a A surre of rooms was advertised at a fashionable watering-place as having among its attractions "a splendid view over a fine garden adorned with numerous sculptures." It was found on applying at the address that the garden adorned with sculpture was the A Young man in New York sought to

A YOUNG man in New York sought to, secure his sweetheart by strategy; so he took her out for a boat ride, and threatened to jump overboard into the lake if she didn't onsent to marry him. But it did not work She offered to bet him a dollar that he dare

valor of a certain captain, who, from excess of feeling, put up with a severe castigation, replied, that he thought it odd, for to his knowledge the captain had fought. "Whom?" whom?" cried his informant. "Shy," said the witty barrister. "MAMMA," asked a little girl to her me ther, as she passed a flettle girl to her mo-ther, as she passed a dentist's window, in which she saw some sets of false teeth, "what are these for?" "Those are for people who havn't any teeth, my dear." "Couldn't you buy some for baby, mamma?" asked the lit-

not some for bary, mamma? asked the fitthe one.

A KENTUCKY paper, in telling how a litthe boy got drowned while in swimming,
says that after wading about for some time,
he "stepped off over his head." Now that
was a careless thing to do. Little boys
should be very careful not to step over their
heads, for even if they do not get drowned,
they may break a leg.

A NEGRO in a religious gathering prayed
carnestly that he and his colored brethren
might be preserved from what he called
their "upsettin'sins." "Brudder." said one
of his friends, at the close of the meeting,
"you ain't got de hang of dat ar word. It's
'besettin', not 'upsettin'." "Brudder."
replied the other, "if dat's so, it's so. But
I was a-prayin' Providence to save us from
de sin of intoxication; an', if dat an't an
upsettin' sin, I dunno what am."

At a recent entertainment in this city one
of the recent left feitner.

AT a recent entertainment in this city one of the young ladies fainted. When she came to she declared that she had not fainted — that

to she declared that she had not fainted—that she had not been unconscious, when this lit-tle bit of dialogue occurred: Nice young man—"Why, yes, you were, I know you were—you had your head on my shoulder."

Young lady-"Had I? I guess I was

them in a drawer, and showed them to me on of me, though I keps asying over an one of me, though I keps asying over an over gain, "What do looks market for a look and the same feelings since, in great to photocomplete the perfect of the same feelings since, in great to photocomplete, and I am not array spike in from the perfect of the same feelings since, in great to photocomplete, and in an or array spike in from me, who at a second secon

WIFE.

There is perhaps no other word of or svilable more aignificant or comprehensive than that of "wife," the mere uttering of which giving rise only to fiselings of sympa-thy, affection, and love. Indeed, there is a wondrous tenderness in it, a charm, a magic; especially to those who feel themselves in with the control back in hord.

And any of hote and points take.

Bits glance the weekerst milk world court.

And to a cide weekerst milk world court.

And yot he has a heart they say.

Both ever with soft fiestings years.

Bod liet to hear the tond applaame.

That victius's hear a heart they and.

The successions of the town.

Rong is his sare and hamed he draman; and always just upon the point.

Of some outrogous doed he seems.

And always just upon the point.

Of some outrogous doed he seems.

And with harsh councid he seems.

And with harsh councids he seems.

A VEIN pursuit—Mining.

NATURAL humbugs—Boes.

All flowers of speech spring from tulips.

WHAT coin is like the going up of a balton? 'A cent.

A ST. Louis man advertises crackers see exquisite that persons "sigh as their flavor dies away upon their breath."

To done all night is "so nice." the young ladies assure us. To have danced all night is not "so nice," we judge from their looks next morning.

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"How old is your mamma?" asked a love-smitten old bachelor of the daughter of the widow who had enchanted him.—I don't know, si; ma's age varies from about forty-three to twenty-five," was the artless reply; and the bachelor was discendanced.

wife will be heard in the sective performance of her peculiar and trying duties, and faith fails not, nor down her hope languish or her patience weary.

Animated and inspired by one so lovely, so cutraneing, so heavenly and divine, who would not exclaim:

"My fairest, my seponsed, my latest found, Heaten's last best gift, my ever new delight."

By annihilating the desires, you anni-hilate the mind. Every man without pas-sions has within him no principle of action, nor motive to act.

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ive circulation."

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GOODRICH'S "SPRING" HEMMERS

Inventor of The Goodrich Tuck Marker.

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES.

In the springtime of life, when bright hope is in And more done and wait on the pillow, When the sweet early flowers shed their richest per

Non-new was it is a weeping willow; blis the raintow of promise greams brightly above ow fair is young life, and how exquisite love;

As the final recollection recalls a sweet floor, The picture undimmed by a nerrow, But reveals to the heart that it etil has a place. No after affection could be row. For the air-in were filled by youth's functful dre That all lases have but note factories seem.

"I fancy that by his next visit the in-portant question will be propounded!— Heigho! I wonder if I could ever manage

Thus mused little Mrs. Grey as she closed Thus mused little Mrs. Grey as she closed and locked the door of her private parlor in that large boarding house, and then wheeled into its place the easy chair which Mr. Brown had occupied three hours that evening while entertaining her with his reminiscences of travel and adventure in the Old World. She pulled a tiny, jewelled watch from her belt, and consulted it—"Half an hour later than he ever tarried before! And then how significantly he asked me if I World. She pulled a tiny jewelled watch from her belt, and consulted the "Half and hour later than he ever tarried before! And then how significantly he asked me if I would fancy a bridal trip to Europe! What could have pessessed me to blush like a girl of sixteen at such a question? I am by momens sure that the excursion would be pleasant with him by my side. Oh! Flora Grev! You ought to dead whether you like this man or not! It is very imprudent to let him come here time after time when you do not know your own mind any better! There," continued the impublive little haly, "I will take this sext and never leave it till I have decided on this case, pero or cos, if I do not close my eyes to night."

Now Flora Grev was a wilful one, whose word, like the law of the Persians and Modes, was unchangeable. Leosening a few pine, the beavy masses of her braided hair fell around as a veil, and she tossed her head triumphantly as if fully prepared for a tete-a-tete with herself.

"Come, Flora Grey," she soliloquized, "bring forth all the wisdom at your command, for your must not trible longer with your own heart and life! First, what have you to say in favor of Mr. Brown? You forme! However, which he is very good looking? Do you?"

Packward went memory to visit one of her seeret, hidden chambers, where there are pictures hung in the morning of life, and looked at afterward scarcely three in a life law, glorious in manly beauty, and undimmed by the dust of death which head, glorious in manly beauty, and undimmed by the dust of death which head in upon its brow now these many years Set side by side with this unforgotten vision, how Mr. Brown's image faded and grew commen-place!

But Flora Grey was awonan of the wirld.

The direction, though legible, had evidently been penned by a trembling hand, and wondering she opened and read.

now Mr. Brown's image faded and grew commen-place!

But Flora tirey was a woman of the world, and murmuring. "Such judgment is but folly the grave and the deep sea give not up their dead," she lifted her eyes resolutely to the pertrait banging above the mantel, of one to whom it the summer of her girlhood she had been the "old man's darling," and for whom at the age of little more thought the may be near the wenty she had worn the exit. twenty she had work the sades of which hosel. This also was a face for which one need not blush, of a stern, gray-haired, haughty man, upon whose autumn of his she had cast the sun-line and smiles of

Fire sandy hair and keen even of Mr.

Firem contrasted unfavorably with this second portrait in the lady's nunsings, and the second portrait in the lady's nunsings, and the Never mind his free. I must remember that I am fading with every year.

She cast a side glance toward the full length mirror set in the wall, and beholding the reflection of a brilliant image, with M.

contestaining, even fascinating in conversation. To be sure the ir an Englishman, and it poor Annt Emily were here she would say. 'Child, don't marry an Englishman, and low the sure that the sure th

by what kee he may unlock the coffers of the rich wolow at this very moment."

The young creature spraing from her seat and packed restlessly to and fro across her little parior. Ten years ago what visibs sich had keep in the night watches, and what visibs had keep in the night watches, and what visibs had keep in the night watches, and what visibs and buried these gurlish woes so deep that they had never been discerned by the gray-haired man she married. To night the old vearnings were resurrected from the graves of the past, and the cry came alike from lips and beart, "Oh, that I were to so young, so lonely, and se destitute of faith in man."

A letter lying on the piano where she had

time King Temple and Flora Grey stood toward at unopened when brought by a servent during Mr. Brown's visit, now attraction and the state of the rate of the read it meditatively with knitted brown.

"Good Mr Carey," she exclaimed, relaying into her usual halat of solitoquy. "He seems very much concerned at my loss of few hundred dollars; anytone would think I were left pennities to read his condeiences I wonder, by the way, if I cannot make this disastrous fire an occasion for testing Mr. Brown's regard, and showing me how much he cares for Flora Grey herself, and how much for her money bags. Certainly a little libing would be almost excusable now."

The act escening Mr. Brown found Flora Grey herself, and how much for her money bags. Certainly a little libing would be almost excusable now."

The act escening Mr. Brown found Flora Grey houself on the money bags. Certainly a little libing would be almost excusable now."

The matterening Mr. Brown found Flora Grey therself, and how much for her money haps. Certainly a little libing would be almost excusable now."

The matterening Mr. Brown found Flora Grey there were mediating to the reself, and that he was leved and wedded for herself, and not for her possessions.

Some freak of circumstance ordered that the same steamer in which Robert Brown er mediatumer crossed the cocan on a tensions but not a bridge trip, hore also the newly married pair, but Mrs. King Temple and the quotient married pair, but Mrs. King Temple and the quotient married pair, but Mrs. King Temple and the quotient married pair, but Mrs. King Temple and the quotient married pair, but Mrs. King Temple and the quotient married pair, but Mrs. King Temple and the quotient married pair, but Mrs. King Temple and the quotient married pair, but Mrs. King Temple and the quotient married pair, but Mrs. King Temple and the quotient married pair, but Mrs. King Temple and the quotient married pair, but Mrs. King Temple and the quotient married pair, but Mrs. King Temple and the promote and the married pair,

after one keen glance had assured him of these tokens. It was a chilly evening, and the sparkling open fire seemed genial.

Mrs. Grey's velvet easy chair stood on one side of the hearth, and Mr. Brown ranged himself upon the other, knowing by past experience that this was as near as he might venture to approximate to the airy little mistress of this hearth and fire.

Conversation ran in much its usual channels, but the lady was somewhat silent, and the gentleman rather shy and alightly nervous.

learned that she wished, if possible, to obtain a few music pupils.

To the strict letter of the truth kept Flora Grey, and if her admirer had been a little more disinterested she would not have allowed him to discove himself so completely with her story of Mr. Carey's letter and account of the fires in Linden Block. She stated but facts, for she had indeed sustained serious losses, although large as they were her ample fortune was but slightly impaired.

"I have altrady secured one music scholar, Mr. Brown; does that not argue well for my future success in sustaining my-self."

The waiting maid was startled by the white face of her mistress, and hastily brought water and wine, but pushing the restoratives aside the lady said, "Order my entringe directly, Kitty, and prepare to accompany me where I am going."

The imperious tone brooked no opposi-tion, and soon Kitty and her excited ins-tresphere on their way. The carriage dra-tury finally before a handsome house on the

A letter lying on the piano where she had seed it unopened when brought by a sertogether by the marriage altar. And the

PRIENDS.

There is an old saying that "friends are summer birds." And very good birds too. What fault have we to find with them? But in using the term "summer birds." of course the author of the saying alfuded to course the author of the saying aircused to such as migrate in the winter months,—and very wisely they act in so doing, when they find the country they are in becomes at va-riance with their comfort or inclinations; in fact, their fully would be shown, under such The produce undifference that a could have a phase No after affection could becrow. The country of the second the reservoirs.

The second of the beauty of the more faitherness seems and the gentleman rather shy and slightly need. The noise of the brown throch were ringing, and my assembler where the bedgeroor the reddensat was ringing, and my assembler with the latest lived when a loy.

The noise of the brown throch were ringing, and my assembler with the latest lived when a loy.

The noise of the brown throch were ringing, and my assembler with the latest lived when a loy.

The noise of the brown throch were ringing, and my assembler with the latest lived when a loy.

The noise of the brown throch were ringing, and my assembler with the latest lived when a loy.

The noise of the brown throch were ringing, and my assembler with the latest lived when a loy.

The noise of the brown throch were ringing, and my assembler with the latest lived when a loy.

The noise of the brown throch were ringing, and the gentleman rather shy and dlightly need to when the country the control of the other of the core.

The noise of the brown throch were ringing, and or probably the chartout wood shade. Note the pend where the reliable part of those to whom the cut is given; but nature is nature of the control of the chartout wood shade. It is not be a special time treat the load would not read treat the latest lived when a loy.

The pend where the reliable part of those bright tophosoid days are greatly as a step green my a facility of the Cold World of the wild will, she added, why the series of any statems which is well for me to question whether I could win my bread to the care and such as a counter-way with gray at the "three worle and the gentleman rather days are seen that the decidence of all efforts to the counter of all efforts to the country, but as it green more natural under the country but as it green more natural under the countr

bility, or the presence of any ingrattude or versatify of disposition on the part of those from whom we experience a deviation from accustomed attentions.

One of the origins—indeed the great origin—of our chagrin ones periencing a cessation of those attentions we have been accustomed to, and probably the feelings that prompted the comparison of friends with summer birds, arises from the very signal error we commit in holding those as friends that common prudence should induce us to consider merely in the light of acquainfance from whom we have no earthly right or reason to expect the slightest sacrifice of time interest or even amusement.

It is one of the strong attributes of the mind to hope that which it wishes; and in no particular is it shown more strongly than in estimating by anticipation the friendly feelings towards us of those to whom we may happen to be known. This great error will usually be found to increase in the same ratio as the particular person whose friendly feeling we wish to challenge is

same ratio as the particular person whose friendly feeling we wish to challenge is more or less in a higher grade of society than ourselves, and whose means, interest, or power, is greater than our own.

We are, in such cases, apt to lay claims to acts of friendship from those with whom we could only at best boast an acquaintance. But the error goes much further than even this; for we frequently make the request not in reference to our own position, but to the power of those from whom we solicit or expect a friendly part.

What is the usual consequence of such proceedings in private life? It will be found in the loss of the acquaintance of some one whose notice was flattering; one who felt toward us as much friendly feeling as we had any right to expect, and who

who felt toward us as much friendly feeling as we had any right to expect, and who would have been disposed to award to us as much courtesy and attention, or, on occasion, as much service as we had any grounds for anticipating. From our own folly, his visits now grow few and far between; and from a well-grounded suspicion of a repetition of similar arrogant requests, they gradually cease altogether. He is then designated the "summer bird." We will say he is so, but is no more to be blamed than is the swallow who wings his way from us when he has reason to anticipate the rig-"Mrs. Grey—Flora—a friend of your carly days whom you have long supposed to be sleeping on an ocean pillow still lives, and though he may be near the confines of the grave entreats you to come to him without delay.

KING TEMPLE."

The waiting maid was startled by the white face of her mistress and heating. us when he has reason to anticipate the rig-ors of winter. We have chilled what

AFTER-DINNER TALK.

It is a question with some persons whether we live to eat, or eat to live. Now, so far as the writer's own opinion is concerned, the question was settled long ago in the contrasted unfavorably with this portrait in the hady's musings, and away her thoughts with a sighing mind his face. I must remember in fading with every year as some tooks and gleaning even a some took and the took was asked whether he would not have took took a few who contend that the Gracious given took and a secretain if Mr. Temple resides here?

An adhirunative, in accordance with the globel by the listing and the everybody must concede that unless we can we cannot live, there are took whoky, replied, "Faith I'll take them was asked whether he would have brandy or whisky, replied, "Faith I'll take them was asked whether he would have bra

ableness. Charles Lamb terms this saying "A vite cold-serag-of-mutten sophism; a falsehood palmed upon the palate, which knows better things. If mothing else," he says, "could be said for a feast, this is sufficient: that from the superflux there is usually something left for the next day."

To appreciate the pleasures of the table.

usually something left for the next day."
To appreciate the pleasures of the table, however, it is not necessary to sit down to a sumptuous feast; on the contrary, a few weil-prepared dishes are often partaken of with more sest and yield greater delight than the most elaborate of banquets could give. Good fellowship has much to do with the pleasures of the table; the best dinners have sometimes been spoiled through a lack of harmony among the company. The host is to biame for this. He should be careful in the selection of his guests, and endeavor, so far as lies in his power, to bring together only such spirits as have somewhat in common between them. It is his duty—especially if his guests are comparatively strangers to each other—to advance such subjects of conversation, when talk flags (as it sometimes will, between the courses), as he may know to be most agreeable to those about him; and where he perceives that a dangerous topic has unwittingly been introduced, skillfully, without seeming to desire so to do, to turn the stream of talk into another and amoother channel. Of course, no guest would knowingly say anght offensive to another, nor would any one take exceptions to such remarks, even if he should deem they were spoken intentionally; for the table of one's host is sacred, and no angry recriminations should be tolerated therest.

HARD TO PLEASE.

BY GLEN CAROL.

There are a number of persons in this world who—you may have discovered this fact for yourself—are exceedingly difficult to please. Nothing that you may do for them, at however great a loss of time and

to please. Nothing that you may do not them, at however great a loss of time and convenience to yourself, is quite in accordance with their idea—nothing that is, is quite right, despite the old adage!

It is really a marvel that they can continue to exist in such an unsatisfactory world. They have such a nice little, dry little, way, sometimes, of receiving at your hands what you had intended to be an especial flavor—such a lofty, "its-of-no-consequence" air with which they accept the gift, or receive the kindness; such a bland, indifferent smile—readily interpreted by the experienced—that seems to saw, "such triflee as you have to offer can be only trifles to me—however, I accept them to please you." There are still others of this class who are not gifted with even a shallow politicuss. Do them a favor, present them with a book or a bouquet, for example, and they will immediately proceed to inform you that they don't like so and so's writings, (the author of the book given them, of course!) he is too prosy, or too flippant, or—but they are as much obliged as if—!

like so and so's writings, (the author of the book given them, of course!) he is too prosy, or too flippant, or—but they are as much obliged as if—!

The bouquet you had arranged with taste, and you dare to think so—the flowers were from your choicest plants, and you had you had not spared them. Imagine the recipient of the fragrant gift saying, as she took them, "Yes, quite prefty, quite pretty, but you should have seen the flowers on Mrs. S—'s table yesterday!"

And there are others who profess gratitude immeasurable in return for favors received; but beware of these, for no sooner does your shadow flit from out the doorway, than the aforesaid favors are openly discussed with whoever chances to be present, and if you were only listening you might catch stray whispers wafted on—"horrible," "that thing," "abstrad," Ac.

Verily, though "it takes all kinds of people to make a world," one can't help wishing occasionally that it didn't take quite so many!

SMART CHILDREN.

To GENERAL CORRESPONDENTS.

Lecca. You have chosen a very ambitious nommed plants, or was most as you may be in stituding to a certain degree of predictions, we must asy. You are not at stitude loss of professor, we must asy. You are not a stitude to like plants, and you had the before range of the secondary in the accessor professor. The proposition of the first book of the first proposition is somewhat of a poser, and hence the phrase.

J. P. E. The best way for you to obtain all the information, you want on the subject of the language of the secondary and the escriptions of the different howers were and the proposition is somewhat of a poser, and hence the phrase.

J. P. E. The best way for you to obtain all the formation you want on the subject of the language of the professor plants and the professor

ple to make a world, 'one can't help wishing sevacionally that it defin't take quite smany!

SMART CHILDREN.

BY DABY BURNS.**

BY DABY BURNS.**

By DABY BURNS.**

Did you ever motice what smart children everybody has? I never saw a child in my life but it was "just the smartest thing that ever did live." I never moticed this particular darly until last week, I went to make some views, and upon my word I saw mothing but smart children until I returned home.

Mrs. Sydney has a little boy about four years old, quite a fine boy. She was leving three large cakes as I entered, and after placing them out in the sun, upon a right new chicken-ecop her husband had just entaround—so the dogs and cate could not get to them she sat down and began telling measurement of little Fred's smartness. After a time she missed the child, then when he collar, into every dangerous places we could find, and at last we spied him you the chicken-ecopy quirely lacking the missed the child, then such a communition as she raised, down to the well we went, then to the cellar, into every dangerous places we could find, and at last we spied him you the chicken-ecopy quirely lacking the wind place of the child, the wind he collar into every dangerous places we could find, and at last we spied him you the children has a short with the cellar, into every dangerous places we could find, and at last we spied him you the children has a first learned before any connect can be given. The children has a first learned before any connect can be given. The head, then a hump of sugar was held by the children has a first learned before any connect can be given. The head, then a hump of sugar was held by the coops and the first learned before any connect can be given. The head, then a first learned before any connect can be given. The head, then a hump of sugar was held by the children has a single probability of the control of the probability of the pro

No. I betterent "I said to the dirty little

fellow.
"Yes, you bet," he said. I gave him the whom the house and tow the

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.

day It is the intention to make this Department an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for find sorthers, Contributions, and others, it will necessarily contain many nevel, instructive, and entertaining topics, but y demensed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

ANSWERS TO ALL INQUIRERS.

May For forms and club rates, on page 4, "a," is ordering, the name and C. O. address should be clearly written. When a change of direction desired, the former as well as the present address must be given.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicule are subject to letter rates. InaumEcrinity stamped MRA, will not be taken eat of the P. O. by us. Rejected MRA, will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to pre-pay jostage.

Respectively. Declares. — Woman's Love.—The Wind and Leaf-Charles Summer-Inflation—Miss Vernon's Choice—Helen Weston's Trial—Caught in his own Trap.

"Go to my love, where she is careless tand,
Yet in her winter's bower not well awake;
Tell her the joyous time will not be staid,
Unless she do him by the foreleck take."
The Germans have a somewhat similar saying
Zeit beim roph fassen—to catch hold of Time by
the queue; on the other hand, "Zeit beim Schwanz
fassen"—to take Time by the tail—is to be behindhand.
H. B. , [Leavenworth, Ind.) has written us a
long letter, which however, she begge us not to pub-

No. I betterent," I said to the dirty little fellow.

I've, you bet," he said. I gave him has apple and went in the house, and now the puzzle is, if the children are all so very smart, where do so many stupid folks conting the said.

Keep Up Family Attachments.

Keep Up Family Attachments.

Thom a LADY'S SCEAP-BOOK.

One of the saidest things about a large family, who have inved happily together for years under the old roof tree, is the scattering to distant homes, which takes place as they grow up one by one, to years of mattering to distant homes, which takes place as they grow up one by one, to years of mattering to distant homes, which takes place as they grow up one by one, to years of mattering to distant homes, which takes place as they grow up one by one, to years of mattering to distant homes, which takes place as they grow up one by one, to years of mattering to distant homes, which takes place as they grow up one by one, to years of mattering the said of the saids of business, letters grow more and more infrequent, and family bredders and basic of business, letters grow more and more infrequent, and family bredders and sorters will sometimes cuttively loss significant to the said of the s

THE BOUDOIR.

FASILION NOTES AND QUERIES.

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addraged to "Pashion Editrem" Saruhhar Eventes Poer.] The exceedingly cold and backward spring has had its chilling effects upon the world of

The exceedingly cold and backward apring has had its chilling effects upon the world of Fashion, and kept back the thousand and one beautiful adornments which only the "openings" thus far have brought to light. But now that "May day" has come and gone, we must perforce wear our spring garniture, e'en though we freez in our fashionable attempt to be seasonable. In no branch of a lady's toilet do we see so much to admire as in

THE MILLINERY.

Everythin in hate, flowers, laces, feathers, and silks, that goes to make up the fashionable hat of the day, is exquisitely beautiful; and even in the coldest day one revels in the show-room of the artiste milliner as in summer time.

Perfection is reached in the imitation of flowers, grasses, and even the cereals are imitated; and we have waving wheat and trembling outs in astonishing likeness to the original.

inal.

The shapes are all that can be desired to inal.

The shapes are all that can be desired to please every height, shade and form. One of the novelties is very like the low-crowned medium brim, soft hat so long warn by the gentlemen; only these are in chip or hair, the brim caught up at the back. The edge bound usually with black mignon silk, and then for a small face an aigrette of jet, silver, or pearl catches the left side to the crown; a wreath of flowers or a miniature grape vine with small grapes and slight tendrils encircle the crown, and a larger bunch of grapes mingles with loops of the silk at the back. Some hats set very closely to the head, and just peeping from the entire edge is a tiny border of finely crimped muslin.

And then we have a reversible bonnet so trimmed and shaped that it can be worn either back or front over the face.

Then, there are the Rabagas so fashionable last summer, only now caprice wears them three-quarter fronts; that is, the highest part is at one side, instead of in front.

SILK SUITS,

In all the new shades of grays, browns and In all the new shades of grays, browns and blues, and which are far more decided in their tone than last season, are really formed in excellent taste. Knife-blade pleating is a prevailing trimming for silk; the only objection being the large amount of material used in forming it—Puffs usually head the pleating; and either a standing pleating above this, or three very narrow ruffles, shirred, and one just visible above the other.

PARASOLS AND SUN UMBRELLAS. The parasol for common use is among the things that were. We only see them now in dressy affairs, elaborately embroidered with jet and edged with jet fringe; or the plain twilled silk with beautiful covers of real lace twilled silk with beautiful covers of real lace in black or white; and most elaborately carved handles in coral or mother of pearl, or ivory inlaid with gold or silver. The sun umbrella is all this season one could wish for. The sticks are light, with tips of cornelian or silver; and a beautiful style in light horn sticks, initiation of amber, and carved prettily; they are covered with soft India twilled silk, and the favorite colors are black, very dark blue and brown; and in size they are sufficiently large to shield one in a sudden shower until cover is gained.

UNDER GAMMENTS AND LINGERIE.

UNDER GARMENTS AND LINGERIE. UNDER GARMENTS AND LINGERIE.

A new feature for ladies this season is the new hand-embroidered and hand-made garments that come to us from abroad. These useful articles are embroidered by the Abatian peasants, after being modelled in Paris; and the material is the best of percale, than which there is nothing more durable known. Everything from chemises to toilette sacques and bibs for infants is given us, and that too at prices that would hardly get up the most common article of home manufacture.

non article of home n THE HAIR.

The style of doing the hair for the coming season seems yet in embryo. In the mean-time each one is evidently practising to find which style is best suited for them; therefore wise style is cost stated or them; therefore we see hair in every style; high, low, hanging; curled and plaited. Still Parisians are wear-ing it immensely high; consequently we may expect to soon see it all on top of the head again, as worn during last year's heated term.

SHOES. The street boot is a short kid boot, with broad soles and good prominent heels; as the season advances low shoes with striped colseason arcaness low snoes with striped cor-ored stockings will rage. Slippers are worn very low, and many of them excessively plain—others finished with immense bows of Persian gilt and silk. Alice Ethiel.

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